SALON

OF

1894

PARIS

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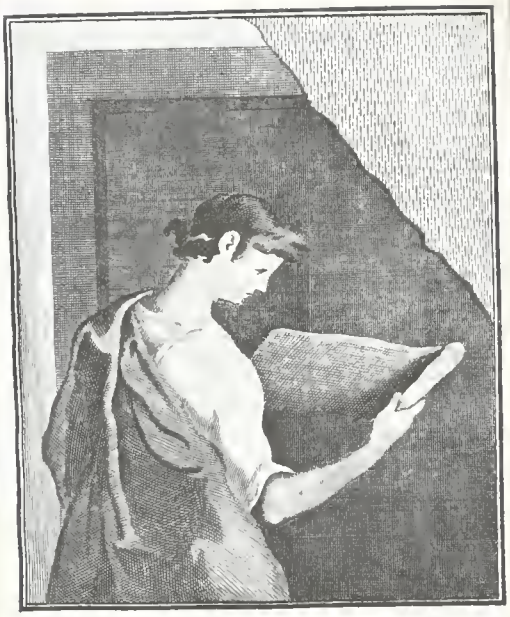

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PARIS & NEW YORK

SALON OF 1894

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With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

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P. CARRIER-BELLEUSE

A WHISPER OF LOVE

ROGER MILÈS

GOUPIL'S

PARIS SALON OF 1894

One Hundred Plates—Photogravures and Etchings

AND

ONE WATER COLOR FAC-SIMILE

BY

GOUPIL & C°

With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

BOUSSOD, VALADON & C°

PARIS & NEW YORK

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THE SALON

PAINTING

I

A MAN would be regarded as a lunatic who did not consider the annual Salon as no less indispensable to Paris life in the month of May than the ultimate distribution of prizes in August. And yet, to me, the Salon no longer seems to do justice to the high endeavor which used formerly to be found there: this is the case, at any rate, with most of the exhibitors. Only the public discern no change.

For this there are various reasons. The first and chief is the division in the Société des Artistes. This is now an accomplished fact, and in spite of hand-shaking and personal friendliness there can

never again be union and fusion; on the contrary, the most trivial incident is enough to rouse slumbering rivalry, and the decisions arrived at in committee-meetings are official evidence to the public of unreconciled differences.

Though, for that matter, to be perfectly frank, the existence of two Salons does not aggrieve me in the least. Each has its own path so plainly traced that, in fact, any change in the existing state of things would be to me a source of regret. But what is really to be wished is that the whole world should not be made aware of such jealousies, which may not indeed make a great man less, but which make the artist seem less great, and that a generous spirit of emulation should take the place of a petty feeling of rivalry.

But, alas, this wish can never become anything more than a dream. The time and manner of the great schism leave no hope that there should henceforth be any perfect selectness of works and talents; while one artist will never go to the Champ de Mars, where a place is waiting for him, another will never return to the Palais de l'Industrie, which he never ought to have quitted.

Still, not this division alone has availed to influence the ambitions of painters exhibiting at the Salon. There is also the practice, which does not seem to be on the wane, of club exhibitions, of "school" exhibitions, of personal exhibitions; these multiply infinitely, and we really begin to wonder where this tide of hasty productiveness will be stayed.

Formerly an artist meditated long on the work he intended for the Salon; to that he devoted months, and consecrated the best of his talent and his time; nowadays the same artist, pressed by a competition which is only apparently injurious—for talent, when it is genuine and sincere, must tell in the long run—the same artist has to send pictures to a variety of exhibitions, not to mention that which he often arranges of his own works alone. Hence he no longer can afford the time to let his inspirations develop to maturity.

LA GAVANDARA

G. MORETTI A TOUR
1894

He must hurry on, come what may, and send hither and thither, to every gallery that invites him, crude efforts, which serve, no doubt, to make his name known, but which are unprofitable, in a moral sense

of course, to the honor of that name and to the art which it is his duty to foster and advance.

If everything which is not strictly speaking a picture, which is no more than a study, a studio sketch, were turned out of the Salon, and everything sent to the Champs-Elysées simply because it is an advantage to appear in the catalogue, what would be left to bear witness to the old traditions of hard work? Such a Salon would indeed be of supreme interest, and within its narrow limits would be amply satisfactory. The invasion, swelling from year to year, of *hors-concours* forbids the hope, and electoral necessities result in the admission to the few vacant spaces of probationers and competitors for the medals, whose promise for the future is more than doubtful.

We cannot fail to see that at this time the most antagonistic tendencies may be discerned in the enormous mass of works flung at the head of the gazing crowd; though, when I say tendencies, formulas would perhaps be the more exact word. For, by a tendency, we mean a certain frame of mind which impels the artist to find the expression of his conception under some aspect which is floating, so to speak, and ambient in the air, without demanding a surrender of his individuality; while a formula is a sort of mould, requiring no more than a vague dexterity of imitativeness in the artist who adopts it. Formula is the slavery of craftsmanship, justified sometimes as a slavery to success or to fashion, but still slavery. Those who accept the yoke, by that act renounce all originality, and never enjoy the noble fatigue of effort. The inventor of a new formula is often a man of genius; his follower can never be anything but weak of will or feeble of brain; and punishment soon overtakes him, for he deforms more often than he copies the characteristics of the original; he restricts its scope for want of due reflection; he borrows only its external expression, failing to perceive that the externals, taken alone, are emptiness.

And yet, among the artists—or self-styled artists—who at this time exhibit their pictures and studies, how many must be classed in this category of the actively inefficient! How many justify their æsthetic methods by the success of a fellow-artist whom they unconsciously parody! How many in their eager haste to become the fashion and to rise from obscurity fail in patience for the struggle, and rush on with envious greediness and ill-disguised hurry down the line opened up by the men of the vanguard, the picked men of the army! Sometimes, indeed, the groove seems too narrow, the pioneer too slow in his work as an innovator, in his labor as a gifted genius; and then they plunge on blindly like a raging torrent overflowing its bed, and then they sow the seed of an evil harvest: they fall into extravagance and monstrosity; they are carried away by every whim, by every folly, having no standard of judgment, having lost

A "FANTASIA" IN MOROCCO

the guiding clue which would save them from falling into the abyss of the ridiculous; having no point of comparison which might enable them to discern the *something* in their leader which distinguishes him from the nothingness of their own minds, they call coarseness power: they mistake Utopian dreams for bold initiative, and the silly and pretentious lispings of ignorance for the child-like simplicity of true genius. Nevertheless there are, among these, men who force themselves on our attention by the persistency of their audacious self-advertisement, and who speculate on their own eccentric nullity, thanks to the submissive indifference of an inert public.

However, it is not of such that I propose to write. I leave them to their craft; at the same time I shall offer them a word of advice suggested by a picture exhibited this year. It is a drama of *genre* bordering on the melodramatic, which M. Richter has painted on a canvas of very respectable dimensions. It is called "Lost Illusions." Evening is closing in on a deserted studio; on an easel is a picture, begun, no doubt, which the painter has lacked courage or talent to finish; at the foot of the easel lies the artist—dead. His hand still clasps the revolver with which he has put an end to his despair. M. Richter points the moral of this conclusion by showing us two winged figures bearing glorious laurels, and hovering above the ill-starred victim. Certainly if laurels are sure to follow, even at the cost of a long stay in the realm of shades, I would encourage the hapless painters who never can be artists, though they have taken up the brush, to make the experiment; but laurels are tardy and forgetfulness is swift. M. Richter here reminds us that illusions are easily lost; now I would remind those who must inevitably be disappointed, that they still have the choice of another line of life, and for my part, Heaven knows, I would rather be a good harvester of corn than a bad disseminator of art. It is singular that, while we see every day men who change their place or their profession without feeling in any way humiliated, a youth who has taken up painting, often without any pronounced vocation, from mere caprice or because he is ill-

advised, dares not for the world give up a career in which the higher paths must be for ever closed against him, for fear of derogating. In vain does he marshal every argument tending to prove that he is a victim, he does not perceive that the public is not to be duped by his excuses, and that he is a victim only to himself. In short, for I have no wish to insist on these unpleasant truths which are forced upon me by a hasty visit to the present Salon, there are at this moment too many painters and not enough artists. It was supposed that art might be made democratic by placing a paint brush in a hundred hands which ought never to have touched it, and the result is this flood of productiveness and this disloyal spirit of rivalry which throws the modesty of the real masters into the opposite scale against the effrontery of ambitious incompetence. The true democracy of art—it cannot be too often repeated—is to give the public at large an equal intelligence, to enable everyone, on whatever rung of the social scale, to acquire a taste and appreciation of works of art, to raise every mind to the feeling and love of art, not to lower art to the reach of vulgar hands. The producers for art's sake, those who have the power to create, those who have genius will always form an upper circle, an aristocracy, and it is of these that I propose to write here.

* * *

I have said that the tendencies of the day are contradictory; it must be added that the public do not know their way among them all, and that this bewilderment leads to two results which it is high time to rectify; on one hand, the public is ceasing to care for any art which makes the slightest demand on their intelligence, while, on the other hand, some artists of real merit, justly provoked by this indifference, seek to achieve success by artificial methods.

All who are well informed as to the tone of certain small "sets" and cried-up triumphs, know how the thing is done. The impatient artist, one fine morning, after exaggerating his individuality to the utmost, gathers about him a few blatant friends, strong of lung and

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THE TOW BOAT

loud of tone, and sets them chanting his praises: though he may not have got beyond a promise of future merit, his talent is discussed, his genius lauded: he is the coming man, and so, in a day, he becomes the "intolerable ideal" whom all must admire or be accused of imbecility, of helpless ineptitude, and other such amenities. "Such a great painter! Such a master of his art! He is incomprehensible? So much the better; that is his depth. His work is unknown?

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CHOCARNE-MOREAU — *Misplaced confidence*

Again, so much the better; that shows that he works deliberately and ripens slowly. But what he has done are mere sketches, and those attempts full of blunders? Still, so much the better! That is because to him the Idea (with a capital I) is all-sufficient, without the commonplace embodiment of a symbolical expression; because he has subtlety and simplicity which should put civilized profanity to shame."

And the obliging chorus of friends, shouting as if they were

legion, finally stun the public till they are forced to listen in virtue of the proverb which says that there are none so deaf as those that won't hear. But the public are willing to hear; they hear, indeed, that all who do not agree with these friendly advocates are roughly handled; so, to escape the epithets, of which the lightest will be "Philistine"—so offensive to every modern pretender to taste—the public, or a large proportion of the public, goes over to the party who shout success, swelling the chorus of those who cry up the new idol and remain to the last the leaders of this ill-advised pæan.

Now, it is high time to check this system of turning the weakness of the majority to account by a small and uproarious minority. It is time to pronounce sentence on certain abortive efforts which we are persistently told are the very type of genius. Among those tendencies of which I have spoken above, there are no doubt some curious manifestations which deserve encouragement; there are indeed some cases of confident originality, of talent which has bravely fought its way up from the ranks and which would be wrong to seek any other method than its own, simply because a few fanatics have treated it with insolent contempt; and there are again some noble ruins which can only be admired as ruins, and it would be rash indeed to imagine that their crumbling stones could be reconstructed in a new form.

It is our part, then, ours, who come forward as independent critics, to enlighten the public. This is not the place for intruding a personal profession of faith, but as I proceed to discuss the works of sincere and conscientious painters, I may safely promise to adhere to the eclecticism of those writers who have preceded me in this series. I shall consult only my conscience, and shut my ears to the counsels of friendship or good fellowship; I express, as I feel it, the enjoyment I derive from a fine piece of work; I sympathize very sincerely with any genuine effort I may discover; I seek, among beginners, the promise of a gifted nature and announce my discoveries with more

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LUNCHEON ON THE GRASS

enthusiasm than is always admissible I confess; I claim for myself, as my brethren do, as every creature possessed of brain and heart must do, the right to judge a work, *not* dispassionately, since passion is the highest expression of life, and the most potent agent to convince the crowd and to spur any artist worthy of the name.

II

My first aim this year in studying the pictures at the Salon is to make a classification founded on the idea which inspires each work; this method will offer the advantage of enabling us to draw comparisons of the various styles of interpretation and of formula. But, it will be said, to start from the idea is to admit in theory a literary element where we should seek color principally. This remark would have some truth in it if I were to attempt to bring every work into the category of what is scornfully designated as "literary painting." This is far from my purpose. I only wish to show as plainly as possible that the fault of which the so-called literary painter is accused has its counterpart in the opposite camp, in a total absence of ideas, though this is frequently concealed by eccentricity or vividness of color. For my part, I firmly believe that an idea is not incompatible with color, and that a fine picture—I do not say a fine study—has both.

Moreover, by taking up this particular point of view, which is certainly adopted by the great majority of the public, we discover that pictorial expression, of which the realm seems as infinite as nature and life, can borrow its subjects from a very limited number of sources; it takes man alone and nature alone; man in his home and in society, in his beliefs and his delusions; and that is all. But that is enough, for of these the life of human beings and of nations is composed, by these the ages are renewed in a cycle of revolution which is but an eternal revival and resuscitation.

Hence the human dream. At every epoch we see it present to the imagination under the same form of allegorical ideal. This year

we find in the Salon several very attractive examples of it, all in the guise of pagan mythology; for the human mind, though it seems infinite, finds limits to the conception of the ideal, and all the fables it has fed on from primeval times have a common origin.

M. Bonnat, in his ceiling for the banqueting hall of the Hôtel de Ville, has made no attempt to modernize the idea; he has been content to lend it his own individuality. The Genius of Art, riding a white Pegasus, with outspread wings, soars to inaccessible heights; his stalwart arm holds up a blazing torch, and his brow is radiant with heavenly light; a Muse at his side, bearing a lyre, points the way to the spheres where the soul finds purification, while, above his head, the arms of a celestial messenger hold out a crown. Under the feet of Pegasus, in a dense agglomeration of clouds, Ignorance and Confusion are falling with the gestures of defeated gladiators, surrounded by the usual symbols—owls and serpents. The principal figure stands out hard and clear against the bituminous tones of deep vague shades. But it is impossible to judge fairly of the work, which is the outcome of real endeavor on the part of the painter, since it is intended for a ceiling, and at the Palais de l'Industrie it is neither in its true position nor in a good light. The only point we are in a position to discuss is the composition; and it must be admitted that M. Bonnat has been at no great expense of imagination. This "Triumph of Art" is not a poem, it is but one couplet, and yet there are many old couplets to which we listen with pleasure.

M. Gervais, who was under no compulsion to cling to the legends of mythology, has tried to be rid of it in his rendering of the fable of "The Judgment of Paris." This capital painter, whose "Three Maries" were so deservedly admired two years ago, could find no inspiration in Francesco Bartoli, and his very modern feeling in art would not fail to suggest to him another handling; I hasten to add that this is a very fine work, grandly composed and skillfully original. Mount Ida is transformed by his brush into a terrace whence we

TREPORT

SALON 1894

MEADOW AT ARCHELLES

can look out on the picturesque beauty of Phrygia as a dream of enchantment. The youthful shepherd Paris is seated on a stone bench, and while his eyes are clouded with a look of unsuspected passion—the agitation of judge we wonder?—he holds out to Venus the apple of discord. This yielding Paris is a judge of integrity, for, as M. Gervais represents him, deviating somewhat from the legend, he can only judge of Venus. The goddess, "divinely fair," her hair dressed in a style which our most accomplished hairdressers would not disclaim to own, stands before him in all the assurance of alluring nudity, while her two rivals, having no doubt some blemish to conceal, hesitate to disrobe themselves. Minerva still wears her armor, which covers her bust and confines her scarcely transparent drapery. Juno, indeed, does not blush to display her bosom, but her hips are wrapped in heavy drapery. Paris, who knows that wisdom and discretion must yield to female vanity, Paris makes no mistake; what the ladies hide cannot be worth seeing, and he pronounces unhesitatingly in favor of Venus. I, who am not the painter, feel inclined to blame M. Gervais for not adhering strictly to the tradition which relates that the son of Priam had all the necessary evidence under his very

M. [illegible]

eyes. The group of the three goddesses would have gained in unity; but I have nothing but praise for the attitude and expression of the shepherd, whose profile is as harmonious with the lovely landscape as an idyl by Theocritus.

The subject chosen by M. Georges Desvallières is less cheerful, but the painter has infused into his picture a melancholy poetry which is very charming. "Narcissus" sits on a stone seat by the side of the treacherous, watery mirror. His wandering hand lies lightly on the pale flowers, his dim gaze seems to look on a vision of unsatisfied longing; by his side Echo sings to the green shades of a silent wood her ceaseless lament for unrequited love; Narcissus heeds her not. But all about them Nature seems to thrill; the sun, though sunk, casts a few purple gleams across the gloomy sky where the mystery of dusk creeps up, and a light breeze sweeps the organ-pipes of the reeds, rousing the long, forlorn wail of unmated lovers! M. Desvallières has a scheme of color of his own with judicious violet tones, and he composes poetically, working out his figures with care and thought, and his landscape with well-chosen elements, where everything combines to excite the feelings and attune them to the emotions he intends to produce. It may be said that the result is artificial, but what business have we to ask of realism that which it is incapable of giving us? Mythology assumes human shape, it is true, but of its essence it is in the highest degree abstract, and its survival consists in the eternity of the dream it embodies. Let us give ourselves up to the dream, let us look to the painters to dream with the palette as the poets dream with words. Their thoughts meet half-way in the supreme aspiration for the ideal, the flutter of the soul in infinitude.

Here again, for instance, we have M. Rochegrosse in his latest work, "The Flower-Knight." The description tells us that "the predestined man, clothed in the symbolical silver armor, goes on towards the Ideal, closing his soul to the allurements of life." The painter, by dint of immense talent and the impetuous audacity of

NOW THEN

youth, has succeeded in giving expression to a dream by means of the least material conception possible. The Knight stands in a field of luxuriant verdure on a hill-side. A brilliant sun casts bright gleams on his armor chequered by shimmering green, and he is surrounded by one immense temptation, by maidens of exquisite forms wreathed with blossoms—flowers of Eden and overblown; their eyes glow with intoxicating invitation; their attitudes in the warm caressing light are full of abandon and grace. And yet, as the living creature becomes less and less material, almost diaphanous, and as intangible as an abstraction, the beings conceived in the vision assume more and more a character of concrete life; thus here, again, the painter has conquered the Ideal. The work is a perfect unity; a noble harmony pervades it with sudden bursts, unexpected trumpet calls and strains of delicious softness. M. Rochegrosse has chosen to model his figures in broad sunlight, he has drunk his fill of carnations; this picture, so charmingly composed and so powerful in purpose, reveals once more his natural gift of color, and we can but congratulate him on the magic vision his young talent has conjured up to rejoice our eyes, which are not *blasés*, but long fasting from great works.

M. Gaston Bussière also tries his hand on a vision in the "Walkyries"; he has chosen the moment in the Wagnerian legend when Brunhilde appears to Siegmund and announces to him that he is doomed to die. M. Bussière's figures are rather commonplace, but the scene in which he places them is a very picturesque landscape. This canvas, incomplete as it is, is infinitely preferable to a decoration such as M. Edouard Fournier has set before us.

It would seem that the function of decorative painting must be to decorate, consequently to delight the eye or to elevate the mind, if only the painter could infuse a little of his own soul into it; but in these days we find nothing of the kind; exclude four or five masters who are really descended from the giants of old, and you

will not find one among the younger school-pupils who is capable of composing an original piece of decoration outside the common subjects of mythology. M. Fournier's task was to depict "The Famous Men of Lyons." Do not suppose that he has made any attempt to find an original version of the hackneyed theme. In the background he shows us between two marble columns a melancholy landscape, where the very water seems tired of running under a bridge of insignificant design. A party of very historical looking persons are seated on a stone bench on a raised pavement; one, who might be Dante, is talking to another who might be Cæsar; on each side stand illustrious men of other ages in the costumes which have become traditional. The nineteenth century occupies the foreground; the portraits are curiously rigid, the attitudes do not always give an impression of life, and certainly were never meant to suggest the power of motion. On the right, especially near the figures of Meissonier and Puvis de Chavannes, is a personage—meant, I was told, for Flandrin—whose lay-figure awkwardness is really deplorable. In short, it is a vast, empty, cold canvas, too huge to pass unnoticed, and amazing as the work of an artist whose former success promised better things; it is a blunder we must hope.

I note the same incoherence and superficial limpness in the tumble-down bevy of women pelting each other with boulders and trunks of trees in M. Le Quesne's huge canvas; the same commonplace treatment in "The Arts," by M. Debat-Ponsan; the same dry treatment in M. Weisz's picture of "Angelica saved by Roger the Paladin," from Ariosto's poem. I greatly prefer, as a specimen of decorative work, the frieze where Mr. Bridgman shows us his charming damsels with antique musical instruments. The coloring is sober, the arrangement very simple. Mr. Bridgman has set himself to express an echo, as it were, of those thin vibrations from high pitched harps and tremulous lutes. And his work is subtly delicate.

But to leave allegory and return to mythology. For the last

LITTLE BO-PEEP

CROSSING THE BROOK

two years it has been the fashion in Paris to resuscitate Glück's music. This revival has had an influence on other arts, and this year our painters have produced a notable array of Orpheuses.

The poetry which clings round the legend of the divine musician is, to be sure, enough to inspire the most refractory imagination. Though Orpheus is the son of a Thracian King, his mother is the Muse, Calliope, and poets attribute to him the mystic character of a Mage, of a perfervid visionary and mysterious enchanter, which has naturally kept his name alive, not merely in the eager fancy of those who worship the ideal, but also in the veneration of the people, who have a superstitious feeling about him. Orpheus is the symbol of genius brought to birth through great suffering, of the immortal soul subject to the anguish of mortal life and soothing that anguish by the exercise of its purest and most immutably lovely gift, infinite inspiration, the inspiration which touches all

things and gives them a throb of vitality. Hence the artist who interprets the legend of Orpheus is certain to attract attention, in the first place because it gives him the opportunity of showing, in a nude study which ought to be dramatic in expression, whether he has true æsthetic quality; in the second, because the public will see and hail through his work an old and favorite friend. To the vulgar, who, though they do not always act on moral principles, love to cry them up, Orpheus is the type of marital fidelity. They do not stop to ask whether the social conditions of a by-gone age admit of any comparison between the married life of antiquity and that of the present day; they think only of the widowed husband of Eurydice, forlorn and inconsolable; they see him carrying devotion and fidelity in what legend describes as purely conjugal love to the point of descending to the infernal regions after achieving the triumph of softening the heart of demons by his irresistible strains; and they pity him with simple, human, fireside pity, for the cruelty of Proserpine and Pluto, who punished him for a little impatience by snatching from him for ever the form of his Eurydice which he was in too great a hurry to see once more.

I know not whether I am wrong, but there are passages in mythology which seem to me to bear the germ of all truth; legends which we feel have risen winged from the depths of genuine humanity, and this perhaps is the reason why they fascinate us and why we are more deeply touched by them than we ought to be by a creation of pure and futile fancy. The tale of Orpheus is one of them. Plato, indeed, in the Symposium, still further humanizes the mystery of Orpheus, who, he says, was punished by the gods only for displaying a hypocritical grief for the death of Eurydice. But we will not detract from the high moral tone which most people ascribe to the devotion of Orpheus; let us believe in his hopeless grief, rather than turn the poet and bard into a psychologist in quest of new sensations, and delighting in the study and analysis of feelings of which he was ignorant at the time when his beloved Eurydice entered

MATIN

the region of shades. The "Death of Orpheus," by M. Lauth, is particularly interesting; the figure in the foreground is very finely executed, and expressive of utter despair without exaggeration. The background is cleverly broken up and filled with graceful flying forms; are they the Thracian women escaping after the accomplish-

ment of their crime? Or are they the throng of thoughts and harmonies abandoning for ever this hapless victim of the gods? I cannot tell; but I can emphatically state that the work is worthy of all praise, and I say it without reserve and with the greatest pleasure.

Mr. William Dodge, too, meant no doubt to represent Orpheus; but in his picture the attitude is too elaborate, the Muse who has come to press a farewell kiss on the cold lips of the poet must be very tired of the contortion to which the artist has condemned her. I much prefer, within the narrow limits of a small canvas,

M. Eugène Thirion's "Orpheus," noble in line and delightful in coloring.

I have not yet done with mythology. Here is a Neptune, painted by Mr. Rupert Bunny, heading a demonstration on the blue waves—waves how blue!—with an escort of Tritons who have laid aside their deafening conch-shells and armed themselves with threatening tridents.

M. Jean Veber sends a bewitching fairy fighting a monster with quite supernatural valor; it is not a perfect work, but the color is attractive and glowing, and here and there we detect a detail, a touch, a mere trifle which reveals the distinguished talent of a painter who is also an admirable and elegant illustrator. M. Paul Leroy has found a subject in the Odyssey, "Penelope," of the sad face and faithful heart, superintending the work of her laughing handmaids: a well-considered picture of rather vivid coloring. Finally M. Moreau de Tours has drawn inspiration from a poem by Henri Heine, calling his picture "Evocation." We have here a modern Orpheus who makes of his own dwelling a dark and silent cell, as of the infernal regions, that Eurydice may rise up before him:

In holiday suit the Philistines
  Go forth for a Sunday walk;
As frisky as kids they gambol,
  And nature is all their talk.
. . . . . .

I cover my chamber windows
  With sable hangings, and stay
Awaiting the ghostly vision
  That visits me e'en by day.

Then she that I loved comes to me,
  She comes from her grave aloft.
She comes, and she weeps beside me,
  And weeps till my heart grows soft.

M. Moreau de Tours has tried to produce a peculiar effect of light which cannot fail to be interesting though it is not absolutely novel. The sitting figure of the man leaning his elbows on a little table is full of noble intensity of thought, and the vision he has called up is not devoid of grace and prettiness. Indeed, I know a great many people who

would persistently keep their curtains closely drawn if such fascinating youth and beauty might but smile and light up the artificial night.

I must make signal mention of the very important work exhibited by M. Gorguet: "The Garden of the Hesperides." If the tyrant Busyris, seized by some other-world fancy, should take it into his head to visit the Salon, he would certainly be excessively surprised to see how the daughters of Hesperus are here imagined and represented. Where is Aegle? Where is Hesperia? Where are Medusa, Arethusa, Erythia? Where are these nymphs of ravishing and intoxicating forms, in defence of whose virtue Hercules fought one of his most destructive battles? M. Gorguet has chosen to emancipate the idea from the tradition, and he has done so with great success. He has ventured to dress his Hesperides as maidens of the present day, and what he sings—or paints—is the perennial poetry of exquisite youth in the mysterious recesses of some Bois de Boulogne. His Hesperides are indeed playing with apples, but there is less to be seen of gold than of common ripe and rosy fruit, and notwithstanding the modern aspect of this interpretation we feel at once that the painter has really illustrated the myth: something very subtle and very sweet emanates from those smiling lips of "sweet and twenty," and beneath the delicate green and rose-color, the pale blues and greys of their flowing dresses, we suspect fine forms and flesh which the Argonauts of our day would certainly be happy to discover. M. Gorguet, who is a man of fastidious taste and learning, has never before given us work of this particular quality. He must be congratulated on his audacity, which has resulted in a picture of the highest merit; an inspiration which is far from clamorous assertiveness, but quite healthy and delightful.

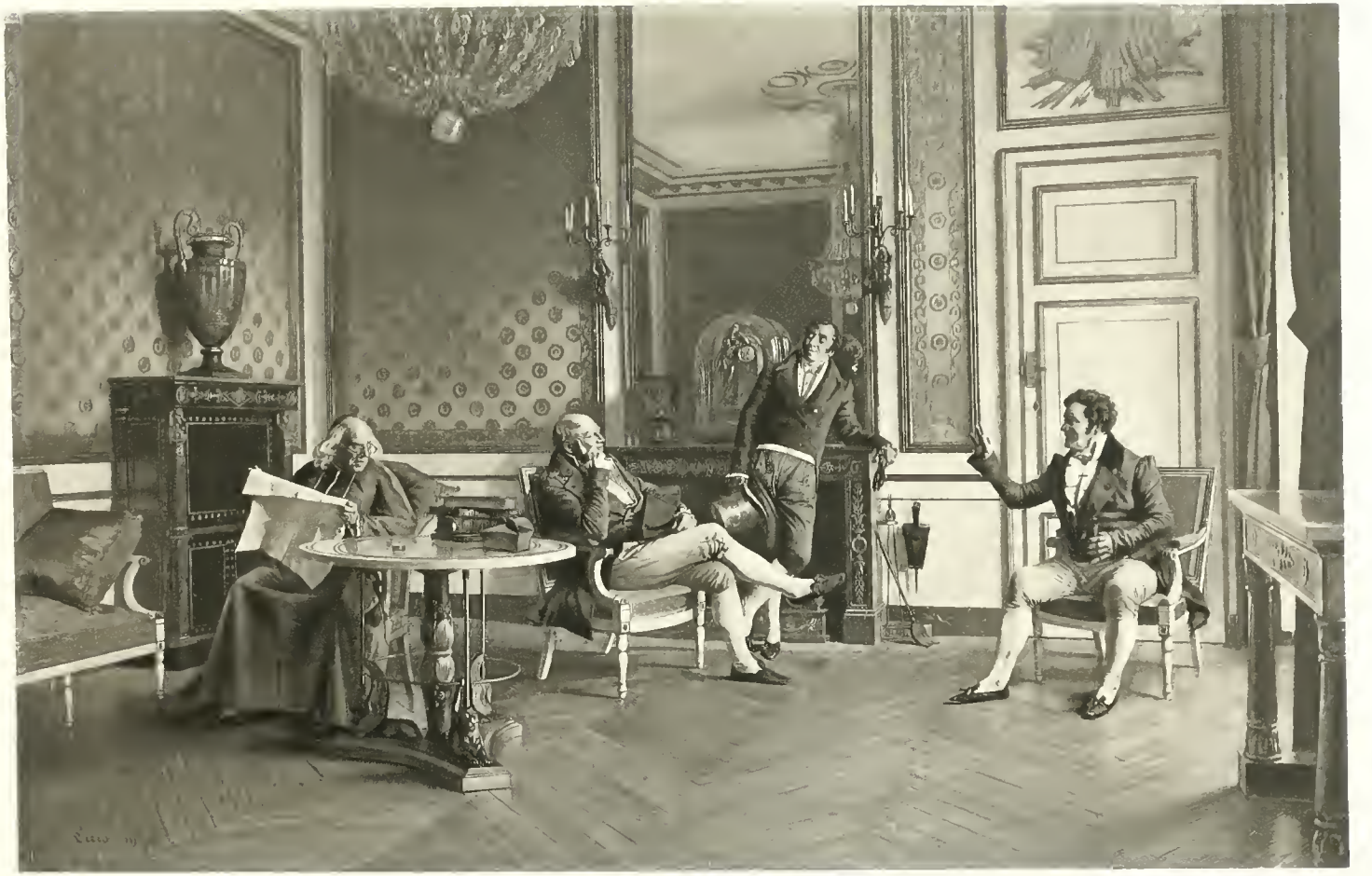
III

Mythology allowed of our making a brief incursion into the ages of fable; mysticism and faith bring us back to the deluge, and M. Adrien Demont will serve us as guide. The artist does not, it is

true, show us the hour of the tremendous rain-fall. The deluge is over; the waters have now retired. The Ark is at rest, and we see Noah with his sons, who have lighted a little fire to offer a burnt sacrifice to God. The land all round them is strewn with bones, and fragments of the general wreck. But high in the sky we see the bow of promise and peace. "And God said I will set my bow in the cloud and it shall be for a sign of a covenant between me and the earth. And when I shall cover the earth with clouds the bow shall appear in the cloud." Thus is it written in the Book of Genesis. M. Adrien Demont, who is fond of a low dark key of color, has treated the scene with true grandeur on a canvas of moderate dimensions, which is in itself no small merit at the present day. He has also infused into it a certain archaism which is extremely captivating, without neglecting a careful and very happy observation of the picturesque and of natural scenery. He has shown himself the skillful landscape painter we know him to be, and has given us a very biblical atmosphere, a combination which shows a happy agreement of the hand which executes with the eye which observes and the mind which meditates.

M. Guy Rose shows us an episode from the time of the first Advent: "Joseph imploring shelter for Mary." The Virgin, quite exhausted, sits on an ass; Joseph knocks at a door which is scarcely opened in answer. The long and desperate tramp must begin again for these children of predestination. A charming picture full of perennial appeal, since the suffering in all ages bear the same family stamp.

The Neo-Christian movement of the present day must naturally set its mark on the Salon, and pictures inspired by the records of Christianity are more numerous than usual. In a decoration for an apse, by M. Alexis Douillard, intended for a church, we see the Virgin and Child Jesus enthroned; it is a cold and commonplace work. M. Synave's canvas, representing Christ walking on the sea, is painted with a good deal of subtlety. Mr. Anderson, in a triptych, has told the story of the Woman taken in Adultery. His version of it is rather clumsy; and indeed it is strange how certain artists



endeavoring to render the scenes of the Gospel narrative, in themselves so full of feeling and simplicity, can find neither feeling nor simplicity to guide their brush. They cling to a traditional formula, and they fear lest they should be thought sacrilegious if they lend it the grace of a little more soul and a great deal more art. Instead of exalting the features of humanity when its glorious mission is to represent the Holy Trinity in the image of man, they make them rigid and cold, and they do not perceive that their lack of simplicity can only be monotonous and tiresome.

Thus it is with M. Monchablon's great composition entitled: "Venite ad me omnes;" there is nothing tolerable in it; it is the very negation of art. The head of Christ is unutterably vacant; the angels bearing cathedrals in their hands are like children's cardboard images, and the old men in the background, wearing mitres on their heads and all bearded exactly alike, like stage supers at a second rate theatre, have no style at all—unless it be the tasteless style. The catalogue announces that it is an unfinished work: inept and incapable of ever being finished would be more exact. Everything in it must be begun again. It needs some courage to speak the truth, especially to an artist of recognized merit. Well, truth can but say in the present case that the work is one great mistake, which has no excuse in grandeur of style, in force of conception nor in fine qualities of execution or coloring.

I much prefer a little church picture by M. Tapissier, "Saint Nicodemus," full of brilliant light, and so interesting as an experiment in decorative treatment. The artist has chosen the moment when Nicodemus, a man of influence among the Jews, comes by night to the house where Jesus is teaching a party of his disciples; the man comes in bathed in the glow of light from the fire on the hearth, and a discussion arises between the Jew and the Doctor; both heads are full of life-like expression, their eyes sparkling with the reflection of their souls. M. Tapissier has gone to the utmost lengths of the effect he sought, and it is impossible to blame

him since, under his skillful brush, the effect is in fact produced.

Mademoiselle Du Mond has found in the "First Easter" the subject of a very bold and conscientious work. We know the tale as told by Saint Luke of the morning of the Resurrection: "When Mary Magdalen and Mary the mother of James and Salome, were come to the sepulchre to cast sweet perfumes on the winding sheet, and to burn incense, they found the stone which had closed the entrance rolled away from the sepulchre, and as they were afraid and bowed down their faces to the earth, an angel which stood in shining raiment said unto them: 'Why seek ye the living among the dead?'" Mademoiselle Du Mond has succeeded in contrasting the sentiment and expression of the three faces of the Holy Women, and the figure guarding the sepulchre is duly angelical. The landscape which serves as the scene or setting of this emblematical drama is perhaps too flowery; but no matter, the picture is pleasing and full of sentiment. I, personally, prefer this to the "Moment of Grace," in which M. Jules Verdier shows us Saint Anthony preserved, by discreet intervention from on high, from succumbing to very criminal, but excusable, temptation. I know, of course, that the subject is stale; but then why choose it? Still, M. Verdier has had a really original idea in his endeavor to make us feel that the temptation existed only in the overwrought, high-strung excitability of the hermit, and that the seductive forms he beheld were no more than an aberration of the senses; the forms of the women emanating from lifeless objects, are, so to speak, made of them. Unfortunately, though the idea is good, the execution is confused and ill-conceived; the work does not hold together; it fails of unity, and there is a violence of emphasis which is so inharmonious as to result in monotony. If M. Verdier would only work his picture up throughout when he has seen it again in his studio, I am convinced that he might make it a very capital work. And since it is Saint Anthony in his individuality whom we are just now considering, I will pause at the figure of the saint which M. Surand gives us kneeling by the side of Saint Paul the Hermit.

A SOIRÉE AT LORD ... THE SEAT OF MADAME ...

This pair of primeval pioneers of civilization are being taught a lesson by two individuals with whom we scarcely like to be thrown in contact. This is what we are told in the *Lives of the Saints*: Anthony having withdrawn into the desert, found Saint Paul the Hermit, who had come now to his latter days, as well might be, since the habit of

KNIGHT *The Stream in the Lane*

prayer had given him the habit of living without being aware of it till he had attained the age of one hundred and thirteen years. But all things here below must come to an end, and Saint Paul died. Anthony was sorely put to it to bury the pious hermit, inasmuch as he had not for the purpose the most simple and necessary implements of a common laborer, not even a spade wherewith to dig the earth; then, while Anthony bewailed himself, he beheld two lions coming nigh, who very amiably set to work to scrape out a grave with their

claws. The tale is pleasing for its simplicity and local color. M. Surand has rendered it with a very sober treatment of action and fine, vigorous coloring. There are, in this work, some bits of very serious study, and it rivets the attention it thoroughly merits. He has handled the subject with pious feeling, almost with faith.

Of the same class of works I remember "The Precursor," a picture of a decapitation, by M. Trigoulet; "The Angelus at Sea," by M. Duthoit, a large and carefully studied picture which, however, would have been the better for greater freedom and less dryness of treatment; "Phrosine and Melidoros," an old story very pleasingly rejuvenated, by M. Jean Benner; an admirable "Wandering Jew," by M. Foreau, a work of lofty inspiration and capitally painted; and "Christ appearing to Saint Elizabeth of Hungary," by M. Boggio, a vague conception enough, somewhat vaguely rendered, but full of a singular charm.

This brings me to a work which is certainly one of the best in the Salon, and which is the outcome of an exceptional and gifted nature: "Prayer," by M. Szymanowski. The painter has not aimed at depicting any particular episode of the life of Christ; he has intentionally remained in the region of mystical impersonality, and has suggested the impression of faith as a result of the spectacle displayed. His "Prayer" is arranged after the fashion of a triptych. On the left-hand shutter the bell is seen tolling and calling with its brazen clang, inviting the faithful to worship. On the right-hand shutter we see the tabernacle and the altar. The light falls so as to display the heavy, vulgar decorations in gold, but we feel that under this there is a mystery, a symbol, and the altar, commonplace as it is, becomes a very solemn and august thing. Finally, in the middle of this vast composition, we see the faithful kneeling in prayer. A shaft of light, piercing through a painted window, lights up a long row of female figures, while the rest of the crowd is wrapped in deep shadow, and on all the faces fervor is written in expressions which, in some cases, rise to dramatic realism. The

souls of these worshippers seem indeed to have risen to their lips to promise, while the beseeching eyes are bright with the radiance of intense piety.

I know full well that philosophy, reason and science clearly prove that theology, unconscious of its act, removes God far out of reach of prayer, and that as Christianity adores an omniscient and infallible God, all prayers to such a Deity must inevitably be unavailing. But what does this matter; if prayer itself can give rise to an emotion, though it be but an æsthetic emotion, it must be cherished, and we must yield to it; for the space of time during which it possesses the essentially sentimental side of our nature, we must put reason with its dry cold wisdom out of court. Prayer is perhaps a mere delirium, but it is a delirium of the loftiest aspiration; doubt is but a malignant fever. We see all this as we gaze at M. Szymanowski's fine work; the painter has grouped his figures kneeling on the cold pave-

ment, rapt in communion with a supreme, infinite and eternal Spirit; and he has succeeded in giving them countenances in which are written every noble passion. It is powerfully human, and vivid in color. Works of such scope and such high aim are rare, and it is impossible to linger too long over this one. Nor must it be supposed that faith here strikes me as so beautiful only because it wears the aspect of Christian devotion. Faith is eternal; it is found under every religion, attaches itself to every form of symbolism; all that is needed to make it worthy of respect is that it should be sincere, and it arouses the same feeling whether under the aspect of a Christian rite, as in M. Zwiller's picture; of a protestant Communion service, as in M. Brozik's; or of a Druidess's invocation, as in that by M. Sinibaldi.

M. Zwiller calls his picture "The Benefactor's Blessing." An old priest, in his own simple dwelling, is giving his blessing to two orphans prepared for their first communion. The painter, who is young and painstaking, has made immense progress in these last two years, and his talent is well displayed in this picture with its gray atmosphere, delightful in tone and harmony.

M. Brozik is well known as a robust painter; he has taken his subject from the history of early Protestantism in Bohemia, and set before us, in a low room, a scene he entitles "Communion in both kinds." It is well composed, nothing has been left to chance; the illumination is strong, and the faces, brightly lighted up, have a thrill of life animating the faithful who crowd to the new form of worship.

M. Sinibaldi has availed himself of the primitive history of Gaul to resuscitate a Druidess who has come to cut the "Sacred Mistletoe," the great panacea of our forefathers: "The Druids," says Michelet, "believed that it was sown on the oak by the hand of a god, and interpreted the union of their sacred tree with the perennial verdure of the mistletoe as a living symbol of the doctrine of immortality. It was gathered in the winter, at the time of flowering, when the plant is most conspicuous, and its long, green boughs, glaucous leaves, and

BROZIK

COMMUNION BY THE FIRST PROTESTANTS OF BOHEMIA

THE SACRED MOONLIGHT

tufts of yellow bloom, clinging to the leafless tree, remain the sole signs of life in the midst of dead and barren nature."

Pliny the elder tells us the same thing, and states that the Druids alone were admitted to the ceremony of cutting it. I cannot, however, complain of the slight wresting of history of which M. Sinibaldi is guilty. His priestess is so charming, standing in the heart of the sacred grove enclosed by a ring of giant stones. She gathers up her white robe to carry the branches of the mistletoe; in her right hand she still holds the golden sickle; her fixed gaze seems to be looking into futurity with grave foreboding. Who knows? It is she perhaps, this splendid creature with flowing hair, whom the gods have designated for sacrifice! At any rate M. Sinibaldi has dealt lovingly with the image, and the public will look upon it with great pleasure.

IV.

Now let us condescend to a more practical order of ideas, and see how the Epic and History have fared this year. To begin with it will be well to come to a clear understanding as to what a picture dealing with subjects of this class ought to be. There are two sorts of historical painting. There is the historical painting which prefers precise facts, contemporary or modern events; and there is the historical painting which aims at a synthetical embodiment of a whole epoch, or the glorification of some heroic virtue. M. Sully-Prudhomme has almost pointed out this distinction in his learned work on *Expression in the Fine Arts*. "The painting of history," he says, "is obviously more objective as the subject is less remote in time, and as the artist has consequently been able to collect more documents to enable him to reconstitute the scene to be depicted; whether the character of the personages represented may best be reconstructed from tradition, or is preserved in authentic portraits; and whether the architecture and accessories of the period have left us examples in more or less traces on the land, and evidence in collections."

In the first of these styles what the artist has to represent is action indeed, but also Man; the nearer to our own time is the date of the events he paints, and the more objective he becomes, the more we expect that he should be precise and accurate, that he should rouse our emotion keenly by realism, to use a modern word. We shall see from many examples that this theory is a sound one.

But is this really history? Not at all. The spectacle which art thus sets before us, though it revives our reminiscences and memories, is too objective a spectacle to include at once both history and philosophy; now history bereft of philosophy ceases to be history; it is a mere chronicle, it is the impression of actual life rendered with all its interested passions, seeing facts and nothing but facts, nothing but the men who played a part in them, without discerning all that has gone before and has long been preparing these facts, and preparing these men to accomplish them.

Now let us consider how history and chronicles are painted in the Salon of the Champs-Élysées. As we might have expected, the Napoleonic Legend has supplied a great variety of episodes. Painting was bound to follow the theater as the theater had followed literature. If we seek the origin of this impulse of revival, which is not an impulse of opinion, we must look for it in the enormous mass of memoirs which have been published in the course of the last ten years, very interesting memoirs, no doubt, but of which the bearing and value are diminished by the episodical character of the documents they reveal, and the partiality of the judgments pronounced.

M. Jean-Paul Laurens is a good first with his picture of "The Pope and the Emperor." The great artist has taken for his subject the dispute between the Pope and the Emperor in 1811. The Emperor stands with his arms folded, furiously angry if we may judge by the cocked hat which has tumbled off a chair, and the chair itself which is upset; the Pope, on the contrary, is seated, his right hand resting on the arm of his chair, his left hand playing with the chain of his cross, his eyes noting the pattern on the carpet, his whole mind

JEAN PAUL LAURENS

THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR

TALBOT

G. BOURGAIN

THE MAMELUKES SURRENDERING TO BONAPARTE

(EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1798)

EDITION OF 1894

absorbed by his desire to resist, and his desire not to betray that he knows that resistance is impossible. This is really a very remarkable work, full of rare depth of meaning, and painted with a sobriety of handling of which M. J.-P. Laurens seems alone to have the secret.

M. Bourgain, again, deserves high praise for his canvas, "The Mamelukes surrendering to Bonaparte." The Mamelukes are kneeling in front of a palace with their heads bent very low; near them lie the weapons and gifts they are offering to the conqueror; their standards, as richly colored as old brocade, stand up against the heavy hot sky, each staff tipped with the crescent. On the balcony is Bonaparte, a little apart from his small escort, as he loved to stand, listening to the words of surrender from an old white-bearded chief. To the right, behind an attentive crowd, a street is seen in picturesque perspective. The picture is composed with a discretion, reserve and conscientiousness which we are not surprised to find in the work of this very talented artist, whose only defect is an excess of modesty. In Bourgain we have a colorist combined with a learned artist, and his eye is as accurate as his mind is cultivated. In this canvas, where all is in keeping, we may divine immense painstaking and patient study, worked up to a good end. This is certainly one of the best pictures in the Salon of the class of subjects now under consideration.

M. Boutigny, already popular for many excellent pictures, gives us this year an extremely dramatic work. He found his subject, "The Death of Marshal Lannes at Essling," in this passage of Marbot's memoirs: "He endured the operation with great fortitude; it was scarcely over when the Emperor came in. The interview was a most touching one; the Emperor on his knees at the side of the camp-bed wept as he embraced the Marshal." The group in the foreground, composed of Lannes lying down, of the Emperor kneeling on one knee, and the surgeon standing by having just washed his hands, is startlingly truthful. Behind are the staff in dismay, and further off again, against the wall of the temporary hospital, are the hapless wounded; all this is very skillfully composed. The picture

is well painted and deserves the success it is certain to obtain.

Again, I have much praise for a pretty picture by M. Jules Girardet, "Bonaparte visiting the monks of Mont Saint-Bernard." The painter has respected the facts of history which assures us that the fiery charger of Legend was a mule, its step being more trustworthy in these snow-covered gorges, and he has found room in his composition to remind us that the brave artillery men, harnessing themselves to their guns, managed to pass beneath the fortress of Bard while their horses crossed the Albaredo. The scene is well arranged and the picturesque element skillfully managed.

Finally, to have done with the Napoleonic resurrection, I must mention "The Supper at Beaucaire," one of the best pictures signed by M. Lecomte-du-Nouy; "The band at Jena" (October 14th 1806), a clever illustration by M. Sergent, of these lines by Captain Parquin: "I can see them now, the 17th and 16th Light Horse and the 14th and 17th of the Line, marching upon the enemies' lines in the midst of the steady fire of grape-shot. The fifes, which ring out above the other instruments, never missed a note." The picture is bright and stirring, and pleasing in color. "The Grenadiers and Recruits of the Guard," by M. Marius Roy, who has done better things than this; "Bonaparte at Nice in 1793," explaining to Turreau and Volney the plan of the Italian campaign which he carried into execution three years later, a pleasing work by M. E. de Boislecomte; and "Napoleon at Tilsit," by M. Lionel Royer.

The war of 1870 has suggested some interesting subjects: "The Defense of Bapaume," by M. Beauquesne, the episode of the 7th Hussars covering the retreat of a battery of Artillery, is a small picture full of movement; and M. Grolleron's canvas called "Before the advent of the enemy." M. Grolleron's subject deals with an episode related as follows in General Ambert's admirable book: "When after a disastrous retreat the 75th Militia of Loir-et-Cher had got back into Loigny, a sergeant named Louis Tanviray asked in a firm voice:

"'Where is the flag?'

BOUCHERIE CARLISTE AU PAYS BASQUE

CROSSING THE ALPS (MAY 1800)

"'Héron was killed,' replied a voice.

"'The flag of Vendôme shall never remain in the hands of the Prussians!' cried Tanviray.

"And all alone he went back into the open, covered with the enemy's ranks, and ploughed up by German and French cannon. The sergeant followed the track of the dead, the path of glory, and at last found the unfortunate Héron lying on the standard which he had clutched to his heart. Tanviray pressed the dead man's hand, and taking up the flag carried it back under a hail of bullets directed on him."

M. Grolleron has avoided the danger of treating the incident with the melodramatic effect which might so easily have suggested itself to give emphasis to the figure of the sergeant; his work is sanely emotional, and fairly well painted.

V.

I now come to that particular form of history which is regarded as epic, which aims at arousing in our souls great emotions which—as was said by the lamented Guyau—"are intimately allied on one

hand with the most vehement and fundamental sensations of our physical natures, and on the other with the loftiest feelings of our moral conciousness."

But if the artist is to succed in producing a lively emotion in us, he must not appeal merely to visual images whatever they may be; he must endeavor to excite in us at the same time the deepest sensations of our being, and the most moral sentiments and the loftiest ideas of our spiritual part. "In other words," as Guyau says again, "Art ought to appeal impartially to the emotional side of every part of us, to the lower as well as to the higher instincts. Hence it must be at once very material, very realistic, and at the same time give the freest play to feelings and ideas."

This doctrine, so wholly accordant with the fundamental conditions of æsthetic beauty, was recalled to my mind while I stood examining M. Ed. Detaille's last great work "The Victims of Duty." If this idea had not been prescribed to the artist he would perhaps have selected it himself, but he would certainly have treated it differently. I much fear that the notion M. Detaille had formed of the subject must have been unconsciously fettered by the necessities of the official character in which he has been forced to clothe it. The painter was required to perpetuate in a work of æsthetic glorification the epic idea of duty and self-sacrifice. The theory that realism helps to embody such an idea made it necessary that the artist should show us, side by side with the victims cut off in the full rush of duty performed, other men going on with their work of peril, without blenching, and with all the more determination and coolness because they are in presence of such evidence of danger to be braved. The actors in the scene, then, are firemen at work, and firemen who have been injured. Let us see how M. Detaille has treated the subject. To the left, in the background, is the blazing house which the firemen on their ladder are deluging with water. In front four firemen are busy disentangling the hose; between them and the burning house a group of police are carrying away the wounded men, upon whom is

NAPOLEON'S PREDICTIONS AT BEAUCAIRE

COVELO

THE GRAND AT JEUX [illegible]

gazing the colonel of the fire brigade, followed by his orderly and a bugler. To the right is the principal group, consisting of the Préfet de la Seine, the chief of the police, and other functionaries, and behind this group is a steam fire-engine. I always feel the pleasure of a grateful Parisian at seeing, anywhere, the face of M. Poubelle, who is one of the most refined spirits of our time; but I do not alto-

gether understand wherefore, as Préfet de la Seine, he should fill so important a position in the apotheosis of victims to duty. This, however, is but a trifling matter. The picture has, in my opinion, a more serious fault: notwithstanding all the talent shown by M. Detaille, for this artist's work is full of splendid qualities and of first-rate bits of painting, notwithstanding all his talent, notwithstanding the genuine accent of truth in the scene and the accessories, we feel no emotion in the presence of the victims who are borne off, and of the simply heroic struggles of those who are battling with the disaster. I wondered for a long time why this was so; why, with so many factors combined expressly to touch the feelings, emotion

remained absent, and I think it is precisely by reason of the official group which assumes so much importance in the general composition of the picture; the surgeon-major who holds up his arm in the background does not seem to be calling anyone; we are not impressed with the sense of stir and excitement of so dramatic an incident; we see nothing but attitudes: and attitude, which in life is reflection correcting nature, in art is artifice and conventionality usurping the place of life. Still, in spite of these defects, the work is a fine one, and will find a public to applaud it. But with an artist of M. Detaille's quality discussion is always possible, because, even in what to a spectator seems faulty, there are always solid qualities of drawing, color, and style.

Since we are speaking of the epic, I will pause in front of the cartoons in which M. Albert Maignan tells us the tale of Joan of Arc. The subject needed special treatment, but opened a vast field of laborious exploration to the eye and brush of the painter. To design for glass, an exquisite material, to work with light as it were, is joy for the colorist, and M. Maignan has fulfilled his task with talent though not with success, since in the competition for the Cathedral at Orleans the jury did not think fit to award him the prize. We shall, however, see the completion of this masterly decoration in which the artist has made full use of the resources of modern art within the limitations of gothic tracery. And the better to judge of the work, his colleague, the great glass-stainer, Champigneulle, exhibits one of the full-size compartments of the window, measuring no less than ten meters in height, a really grand achievement.

M. Henri Motte has taken another French heroine for the subject of his large picture, "Sainte Geneviève," distributing corn to the inhabitants of Lutetia when besieged by the Franks and reduced to famine. M. Motte has aimed at simplicity and reality; the result is a composition full of good intentions, but singularly frigid; this is what may be called the apathy of art. This is not the fault we find

MEN AT THE FRONT OF DUTY

"Who goes there?"

with M. Clairin. His "Fantasia" is certainly the most amazing rush of motion that can be imagined.

M. Luminais is faithful to the remote past, and shows us this year a woman carried off by Norman pirates. I infinitely prefer the episode of "The Norsemen's life," a fight with battle-axes on a very blue sea, in which M. Melville du Mond is quite terrible. Mutilated corpses are sinking beneath the waters; a hand still clutches a notched blade that must have inflicted barbarous wounds, and in the bark with the bird-like prow, among the mass of fighting men, one is grinning as he holds up by the middle finger a hand he has cut off; it is frightful and very fine. The same artist exhibits another work which seems to me of the first rank: "Saint Lupo and Attila." The chief of the Huns comes down at a hurricane gallop, followed by his plundering horde. On the horses' breasts hang the heads of the vanquished, bloodless and hideous in death under the lashing blast. But Saint Lupo, at the gate of the town, in all the dignity of resolution and faith, is ready to receive the barbarian and to stop the slaughter. At his side his clergy and choir children, though terrified, yield to the holy Bishop's audacity, but their faces betray their inward anguish. This picture is very happily composed, and painted with a fine sense of power. M. Melville du Mond, whose name is not yet very widely known, will achieve a legitimate success and I shall be much surprised if he does not bear the promise of a brilliant future.

I must past quickly by "Jean-Bart at Dunkirk," by Madame Demont-Breton; "The Chouans," a clever monochrome, by M. Benoît-Lévy; "The Deserters," a little masterpiece, by M. Le Blant, who is wont to give us masterpieces, and I come to M. Lucien Métivet's fine canvas "Gloria lachrymosa."

A man fights, gives proof of courage and virtue, knows his hours of enthusiasm; then one day an invisible hand is laid on his shoulder and stretches him, rigid and cold, in the silence of death. And it is only to fall at last under the universal doom that he strives to

achieve high deeds beyond the lives of other men. But, then, men raise him a monument, like that depicted by M. Métivet. On a stone pile, under a vaulted roof, some High Constable lies sleeping in final peace. His folded hands tell of constant prayer, and his smiling lips speak of the Paradise whence none return. But in his solitude, while the diapered drops of color from the painted windows flutter about his monumental couch, a fair and gentle form comes to sit at his feet; her beautiful figure, of stainless purity, shows between the folds of mourning crape, as though she were weary of sadness and weeping, and she waves over the dead man's brow a fragrant wreath, flowers that tell of remembrance; she is Glory, watching faithfully over the dead. M. Métivet has thought the subject out as a poet, and yet more as a painter; for words cannot describe all the charm, all the deep sentiment of this composition; it is an impressive work of exquisite harmony and one of this true artist's best pictures.

V

We must now descend from the land of dreams to everyday nature; it is a theme which a great number of painters have treated very variously, and I will say at once that there are plenty of good pictures inspired by a feeling for the beauty of woods and waters. But I have no room here for a long dissertation, and I prefer to account for the multiplicity of landscapes exhibited by the pleasure the painters felt in studying them. I remember Millet's lines, written from Barbizon: "If you could only see how beautiful the forest is! I go out sometimes in the evening after my day's work, and I come home quite crushed. The stillness, the grandeur are overwhelming, to such a degree that I catch myself actually frightened. What those rascally trees say to each other I know not; but it is something that I do not understand because we do not speak the same language, that is all. I fancy, though, that they do not make many jokes." I recall these lines and am ready to believe that every

JEAN BAR

J. Le Blant

landscape painter has the same sincere faith and enthusiasm. I will pledge my word that this faith and enthusiasm exist in the soul of Gagliardini, of Harpignies, of Français, of Petitjean, of Pointelin, of the men, in short, who are the masters of our French school.

Gagliardini is the painter of the sun; no one renders its splendor with more vivid expression, with fuller or truer harmony. The two pictures he exhibits this year are a joy for the eyes. We pause in front of this splendid yoke of oxen, making their way along the sunlit road, while in the background the mountains wear a halo of transparent blue. This is called "Outside the Village, Valley of the Grésivaudan." The other is a corner of a village "At the foot of the Alps of Dauphiné." They are pieces of the very first rank, broad in execution and audaciously true to reality.

Pointelin, on the other hand, is the poet of valleys

when evening wraps them in melancholy. In the Jura, which he loves as his native soil, he has found sweet and pathetic inspiration, and makes us feel the rural and silent serenity of the scene. Not a figure is to be seen, not even a bird. Under the sky, where the clouds spread shrouding the transparency, the grass grows green on the hill slopes hemmed in by the dark foliage of the woods. This sentiment recurs frequently, no doubt, with this capital artist, but it cannot be denied that it is extremely poetical.

M. Harpignies, one of the greatest landscape painters of our time, is in love with twilight effects, the sun lingering as it caresses the russet hues of autumn; his two pictures, "An Autumn Evening" and "A Souvenir of Italy," are both worthy of this venerated master.

Petitjean, whose work is every year more interesting, exhibits two important canvases of contrasting effect. In the "Farm Yard, Beauce," he has attempted to render a blaze of sunshine, and has perfectly succeeded. The large building, whose deeply creviced walls are gilded with sunlight, is splendidly daring under the clear sky; the blue as diaphanous and as light as infinitude. In his other picture, "Morning, near Nancy," the painter has returned to the manner we are familiar with, and in which he excels. The woods hanging over the river bank are alive with tremulous freshness, and the water flows with undulating play. The atmosphere is full of life, and from the pictorial point of view the elements of the scene are well chosen and composed.

I also note among pictures to be looked at a view of the "Ile Saint-Honorat," by the venerable painter Français; "The Seine at Billancourt," by M. Clary, full of air and light; "A Terrace by the Seine," a pretty landscape with a high terrace on which the figure of a young lady is seen from behind—a delightful work by M. Baillet; a view of "The Château de Maintenon," on the right a downhill road, thickly wooded, excellent in effect—a remarkable landscape by M. André: "A Village near Flers," and "On a Terrace at Clisson,"

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two works full of promise for the painter, M. Paul Madeleine; M. Rigolot's "Village in Franche-Comté," a field of cabbages with a tumble-down hamlet in the background, a work that is very near being a masterpiece; and, lastly, M. Bouchor's "Cider," a well-painted canvas of pleasing coloring.

There are few views of Paris this year. I noticed, however, a curious "Place Pigalle," by Clary; the "Place Saint-Médard," by M. Schaan; a sunset with an effect of diffused light on the "Place de la Concorde," and the "Terrace of the Tuileries," a difficult harmony well rendered by M. Cagniart. Of painters of water I remember several whose names, some long known, some quite new, deserve attention. Here, for instance, M. Guillemet gives us a pretty view from the "Pont-Marie," in Paris, in the grey but not monotonous key he affects; to the right of the picture lighters are moored to the bank and men are actively unloading them; to the left other barges seem to be sleeping under their tarpaulins; the trees on the shore have only a few rust-colored leaves still hanging to the boughs, the water rolls in lazy waves under a clear gray-blue sky; a lovely picture.

M. Tattegrain is resting from big pictures; he sends two wonderfully fine works: "Bait-catchers landing in the Bay of Authie," and "Collecting alms for the Sailors' Home," at Berck sur-Mer. This last is especially delightful in character and feeling. The fishermen's boat has just come in, and the Sisters of the Home are the first to claim a share for the poor. Close under the side one of the good women holds out her basket to an old sea-dog who, with a smile of frank goodwill, casts in a few fish. This work merits study; there are psychological touches in it which are worthy of the masterly execution.

Students of natural history are represented by some pictures of undeniable merit; in the first rank I should put "Oxen ploughing," by Barillot, who has attained his mastery by long and patient study. His beasts show a truth and solidity of anatomy unknown to many of

his brethren. Barillot has the bold grandeur of Troyon and Barye; constant efforts to master his art have given him the secret of those huge masses of admirable mechanism which we call oxen and cows, and his knowledge of osteolgy enables him, colorist as he is, to make the best use of his fresh and varied palette. M. Julien Dupré, in a key which is dear to him, sheds flecks of sunshine through the branches on the back of a beast who seems indifferent to the pretty patch of blue sky beyond the leaves, but who has been disturbed in his meditations by the noise of a party of ducks which have settled near a pool hard by. Finally I will mention a white cow in a bright landscape, a capital first work by M. Gustave Henry Mosler; some dogs fighting "In the Gutter," by the masterly hand of Hermann-Léon; "Asses at Avila," an excellent canvas by M. de Vuillefroy; "A Swim for Life," a picture full of movement, by M. Tavernier; and, finally, "A Bad Case," by M. Van der Meulen, three dogs sitting in judgment, three bull-dogs of solemn countenance, wonderfully well studied and admirably painted. M. Van der Meulen has certainly placed himself in the front rank of those who can paint dogs. When I have mentioned the still-life pictures by MM. Eug. Claude, Decroix, Fouace, and Joseph Bail, the pomegranates and pears of Vollon, and the flowers of Quost, Jeannin, Bourgogne, and Grivolas, I have come to an end of the studies from nature.

VI

Portrait and figure-painting takes up much room in the Salon, but in numbers portraits have the best of it. Figure-painting is a study, the expression of an idea caught on the wing, it is a fancy of the artist's, an independent and unfettered conception. A portrait, on the contrary, though sometimes a matter of sentiment, is more often a matter of business; there is in it always an element of subjection. To paint a portrait is not merely to be accountable to art and strict truthfulness; it is to be accountable to a sitter who has the right to

CATTLE IN SAINTONGE

A SWIM FOR LIFE

dictate to the artist the caprices arising from a whole fund of tyrannical wishes. And for this reason, though portraits are many, good portrait-painters are few.

Among those few must be named M. Aimé Morot, who gives us a living likeness of M. Gérome. The master is represented in half-length, seated; his right arm is leaning against the back of his chair and his hand on the edge; four fingers of the left hand are in his pocket. The head, a little bent, following the attitude of the body, is seen in full face; the light shines through the thick white hair; the attitude is quite natural, the countenance full of intense expression. It is to the life the great artist and the thorough man. We see his mouth which never lends itself to toadyism, and speaks nothing but the truth, however rough; those are his eyes which can light up with a generous flash in a glow of enthusiasm or of indignant heat; the high, well-moulded forehead is that of an æsthetic epicure, who has tasted the honey of Mount Hymettus, and the brow carries within it lovely dreams of antiquity. We see here the Athenian of Paris, to whom the rowdy vulgarity of great exhibitions is perfect torture, and who waxes pathetic over the vanished age which is revealed to us in the exquisite statuettes from Tanagra. Those who know Gérome only in his work know him incompletely. You must talk with him, you must read that loyal heart, that patient, seeking soul, that ever alive and yet profound nature, before you can understand the affection he inspires and the respect of which he is worthy. M. Aimé Morot shows us all this in his portrait of the master—a masterly portrait—and that is the highest praise I can bestow.

M. Henner, whom we shall meet again presently, has sent a small portrait of a dark man seen in profile to the left, painted in his hazy way, which, whatever may be said of it, is the outcome of very high art. M. Chartran, after so many other painters, gives us a portrait of M. Carnot. The President of the Republic is seen seated at his writing table; it is a good portrait and will not discredit the collection.

But I cannot stop to name one by one all the portraits of X, Y, and Z, or of the fair ladies who, during the two months of the Exhibition, hang round to watch the expression of the visitors gazing at their charming effigies. I must be satisfied to mention some which appear to me to rise above the average and to have some special interest. These are a very remarkable little portrait of an aged lady by M. Coeylas, a very genuine artist; and M. R., a delicate piece of work in a light key by a painter of great talent, M. Albert Lambert.

I will pause in front of M. Henri Martin's picture, called "Grief." This artist's elevated fancy loves symbolism with a faith that is almost religious, and this grief is a perfect expression of his great talent. In a wood where autumn is at its last gasp, the ground strewn with the russet remains of what were green leaves sheltering the nests of bird-lovers, a woman wanders past, seen in profile under her long transparent mourning veil; tears have worn furrows in her cheeks, but now her eyes are dry. In her two hands she carries a heart suddenly luminous with heavenly light, and from the heart fall drops of fire, drops of blood, which mark out the five points of the cross. This is Grief offering up her troubles and her submission to the Redeemer who, for love of men, suffered every pang even unto death. It is a very good picture. The idea, which is as wide as human nature, because it concentrates the tears of all ages, is rendered by M. Martin in a simple embodiment of poignant emotion, and as we look at this tear-worn woman, brave and saintly in the midst of trials, we fancy we can hear the echo of Musset's couplet:

> Finest of songs are the songs of despair,
> Some are but sobs, yet they never will die.

The same artist also exhibits an angel playing with a lily; it is a fair vision of the upper world and is called "Love."

Mademoiselle Juana Romani again has æsthetic tastes which we must admire; indefatigable in study, and in seeking powerful coloring and psychical expression, she sends us every year some wonderful

A DANCING CLASS AT THE OPERA

pieces of painting: her "Infanta" and "Pensierosa" are two marvels, well drawn, full of solid relief and intense vitality. In one we have a serious brow and black eyes which passion would light up with a flash; in the other an exquisite, fascinating smile, sweet and seductive, and it is hard to say which head is to be preferred; for my part I love them with equal tenderness.

Henri Pille, in his picture of "Puritans and Cavaliers," shows us the contrasting types familiar to his clever brush.

In the same class of figure-studies I note "The Mutes," in the Netherlands, two worthies painted with much spirit and a style of her own, by Mademoiselle Louise de Hem.

VII

And so we have come to the last stage of our voyage in the land of painters in the Salon of the Champs-Elysées. I, here, have to treat of "genre," left to the end not because I think it contemptible—the only "genre" to be scorned is the *genre ennuyeux*. Utter the words "genre painting" before the ordinary public, and you will at once see their eyes light up with a curiosity which has no concern with the technical side of Art. This is not precisely what I call "genre." There is, besides the class of works which I have

been so far considering, a certain type of work which is more complicated, in which the idea plays a large part in the purport of the subject represented, and in which art is merely a co-efficient in the general result. The pictures thus treated are none the less interesting if the artist can only infuse his personal style. Thus, we have "Young Girls at Play," by M. Cornillier; the young artist, for a a time, dreamed of a graphic illustration of Victor Hugo's poems, *Le Pape* and *Religions et Religions;* but his imagination soon flew away from the poet, to indulge in visions of which the lofty mysticism is subserved by a strangely powerful hand. Here he seems to sing us a ballad, but how delicate and exquisite! In a park on which autumn is shedding its first thrill of melancholy, at the mysterious hour, some young girls in their simple toilette are sporting with all the vernal gaiety, all the beaming innocence of fifteen; it is simply composed and executed with delightfully poetic feeling. The painter who puts his name to this youthful and charming fancy is beyond doubt a born artist, with a sensitive and sympathetic soul.

Again, we have "A Dancing Class at the Opera," as shown us by M. Laurent-Desrousseaux; and in an equally subtle key I note "The Catalogue," by M. Albert Bréauté; a young woman half-undressed, with her shoulders bare, is curiously turning over the pages of an album of which the illustrations rivet her attention. The daylight falling through the curtains fills the boudoir with subdued, diffused light, but the painter, notwithstanding the intangible veil that hangs over the scene, has not missed a shade of tone or modeling, and his little picture is a gem of charming color.

M. Dawant gives us an exact example of "genre" in his "Rehearsal," a corner of a church interior of ponderous architecture, where an Abbé is making some choir boys practise a service. This is a very pretty picture and full of ingenious details.

M. Franc Lamy is less religious in his study of a woman (nude) and in his "Remembrance," a young woman sitting in a lonely park with doves cooing about her, smiling at the past, though wearing the

F. Roybet 189

garb of mourning; a pretty bit of romance—the romance of a widow who can wait because waiting is hoping.

Mr. Knight's picture is full of pleasing sentiment: "The Brook," with two peasant girls whose figures harmonize well with the picturesque character of the spot.

M. Gustave Pinel enables us to follow "A Pilgrimage to Sidi Zarzour," among the boulders of a now dry torrent, a delightful impression of the scenery near Biskra; M. R. Ernst, in his "Evening Ride," shows us a young woman perched high on a dromedary and escorted by a grand, stalwart negro, armed to the teeth; M. Deutsch paints a prince before whom, on the Day of the Dead, the door of his ancestors' tomb stands half-open; the subject and the studies for it alike brought from Cairo, and carefully but not drily painted; finally we have "El Kantara," by M. Paul Lazerges, a very remarkable canvas, giving evidence of this capital artist's progress and talent. My notes suggest many more pictures of which I could write at length, but space fails me; I can only name a legend of Brittany, a well-finished picture by Henri Mosler; "Las Cigareras," a bright intelligent work by Mr. Walter Gay; "The Neophyte," coquettish and arch, by M. Réalier-Dumas; "Crossing the Brook," some sweet children, by Miss Gardner; "Gallantry," a happy piece of decorative work, by M. Escalier: "Tréport," a picture of very sound qualities, by M. Théodore Weber; "Exchange is no Robbery," by M. Chocarne-Moreau, a charming study of street Arabs; "Victorien Sardou at Rehearsal," a pleasing composition by M. Georges Cain; "Between Friends," a domestic scene by M. Laissement; "Little Bo-Peep," a fascinating person, by Mr. Bacon; "La Bonita," an Andalusian coquette, by M. Richter; "Tramps" and the "Omnibus," an effect of fog, two extremely refined studies by M. Grunery. I have kept to the last "Hot Cockles," by Roybet; in this the subject is but a pretext; the painter, who loves strong coloring, has given himself free licence in this instance. In a tavern-parlor soldiers, troopers and wenches, in gaudy frippery, suggesting

drink and songs, are playing a game of hot-cockles, allowing hands to meet and grasp, and they are laughing with all their might at the mistakes arising from the chances of the game.

Among the faces we recognize those of Vigneron and Prétet, the two pillars on whom the annual show rests. In this Roybet follows the example of the old masters in the choice of his models; but we do not care to look for isolated portraits, the work is so completely a whole. It cannot be denied that Roybet has attained a splendid maturity of talent. He paints with a solidity of touch and certainty of eye which few of his brethren can compete with. His picture is a joy to the sight and mind; it is art, healthy and robust art; and as we leave the gallery we are easy as to the destiny of the French school, which need not give precedence to any dexterity of foreign origin, so long as it has such masters and such masterpieces to represent it.

SCULPTURE

When we have gone all round the central nave of the Palais de l'Industrie, the side-walks, and the ground-floor galleries, where small objects are exhibited, we perceive that the sculpture displayed there all represents a respect for tradition, from the point of view of formula and æsthetic feeling. It is not my business here to inquire whether this tradition is more or less worthy of respect. I only state a self-evident fact. Still, I may say that when it is upheld by talent, I prefer tradition to the more independent tendencies that only avail to mask a sort of incompetency in execution which is aggravated by a blind seeking after singularity. At the very entrance M. Frémiet, and he is a real master, exhibits "A Trapped Wolf," in which his knowledge of animal structure is fully revealed; and he also sends a

A CHILD OF THE GODS

model of the statue of Meissonier intended for a square at Poissy. The famous painter is represented standing, palette in hand, in the working dress he habitually wore: the head is very expressive, and the monument will certainly look very well in the place where it is to be erected.

M. Carlés sends two important pieces: "On the Field of Honor," a marble group in an ambitious style of art and simply symbolical of patriotism, intended to decorate the park at La Boissière; and a colossal Minerva in bronze, very successful in patina and color: this is to be placed in front of the offices of the *New York Herald* at New York.

M. Bonval, a young artist who has already come to the front, has sent a single figure which is one of the best things in the Salon. A nude figure of a woman, strongly moulded, but without exaggeration and very pure in outline, is standing with her knees together, the muscles of the calf firmly strained; there is a smile on her face as she holds out a bunch of ripe grapes to the thirsting lips of humanity. This statue is the work of a thorough craftsman, the handling is firm, and we should be glad to see it in one of our public gardens.

M. Henry Cros can only be lauded for his mural fountain, "The Story of the Waters," and his bas-relief called "Spring." This revived use of enameled ware could not have fallen into the hands of a more refined and agreeable artist to give it a trial, or of an apostle more sincerely anxious to give the public a taste for the material. In Henry Cros we have both a really learned man and a master of the chisel, full of freshness and genius: the manufactory of Sèvres may be proud of having a studio where it is the practice never to turn out a piece which is not a masterpiece. M. Puech gives us "The Seine," lying down in a bas-relief of marble, exquisitely executed. The figure, I must own, seems to me rather meagre, rather over-refined. The Seine has been drinking the water of her own river to prove that it is not poisonous, but has only made her anæmic. This is but a trivial fault to find with a work that is so exquisitely pretty.

M. Boucher, again, gives us a recumbent figure in his marble statue intended as monument to the Duchesse de Vienne, a conscientious work and worthy of success. Another yet, very interesting and learnedly treated, is M. H. Lemaire's "Princess Marie d'Orléans," to be placed in the chapel at Dreux.

M. Massoulle brings us back to life again with his sprightly and brilliant statue of "Madame de Sévigné," a marble figure handsomely presented by the State to the School of the Legion of Honor. M. Vaucanu, in a bas-relief of fanciful design, gives us a clever vision of his memories of travels in the East and in Normandy.

LOBINAT — *de France* — *Art*

SOCIÉTÉ NATIONALE

DES

BEAUX-ARTS

PAINTING

I

ON entering the gallery of the National Society — why National, since foreigners are here in numbers?—I have nothing to retract from the general remarks I felt it incumbent on me to make at the beginning of this work; so I shall proceed at once to consider the important exhibit which once more claims my respectful and emphatic recognition of the striking individuality of M. Puvis de Chavannes.

This celebrated artist here shows us the general effect of the decoration he has designed for the Préfet's staircase in the Hôtel de

Ville at Paris. This decoration includes, in the first place, a ceiling representing Victor Hugo doing homage to the City of Paris; the poet is standing in antique drapery, and offers his lyre, borne by a winged angel, to the City of Paris, a sitting figure who receives him; to the left three more winged genii symbolise Epic poetry, Lyric poetry, and Dramatic poetry; they float in the air, mingling their voices to the shouts of enthusiasm from the personages waving laurel-branches, who form the escort of the City. To the right a fine male figure holds up the standard of Paris, while a young man, kneeling at his side, is about to inscribe the poet's name on a tablet of marble. The composition is noble in character and intentionally simple. It is carried out by four covings and six spandrels.

In the covings, happily chosen emblems represent Patriotism, Charity, Artistic Fervor, and the Intellectual Home; in the spandrels are represented Wit, Fame, Beauty, Courage, the Worship of Remembrance, and Urbanity. It may be confidently said that Puvis de Chavannes has made a really magnificent work of this elaborate decoration, and I am eager to see it in the place it is to fill, where it will be one of the glories of our municipal palace. Puvis de Chavannes, in my opinion, will live as the master of decorative painting in the nineteenth century; he has the two powers which are the essence of this, the most difficult, of the graphic arts—the most difficult because it includes all the others: the power of plastic vision, and the power of high thought; and it will be a comforting lesson for the generations to come, to reflect that even in the whirl and stir of this hurried existence, in which everyone is eager to come at once to the front at the cost very often of sinking all personal dignity, there are still to be found now and again such characters as this of Puvis de Chavannes, marked by imperturbable determination, trusting in what they believe to be the truth, and upheld by their unshaken and lofty artistic conscienciousness, to pursue without faltering, in spite of disappointment and injustice, a career where their singleness of aim proves their noble nature and disinterestedness. Puvis de Cha-

THE RUSSIAN FLEET AT TOULON

vannes, not caring for what might be said of him, never shut himself up in the restricted limits of formulated and traditional symbolism. His mind well stored by his deep classical studies, he has allowed his aspirations to sore unfettered in search of the beautiful, which lends wings to the soul, enabling it to fly to the serenest realms of the ideal. And his soul, which does not address itself especially to

the dilettante, his soul which desires to speak to every other soul, has devised its own formulas to express itself simply, like those popular songs which bear the stamp of no age, but live on through the centuries, wringing tears of sweet emotion from those who hear them, by their ingenuous spontaneity of feeling. And he has achieved this result by the simplicity of his methods of technique. Look carefully at his work; it is synthetical to the utmost limit of accuracy in the representation of form; we find a constant anxiety to interpret Nature with a truth which has nothing to say to ready-made formulas, a faultless sense of beauty which gives a delightful feeling of something

derived from full experience, and yet wrapped in emotional poetry. It is a vision of the loftiest art, indescribable in words because it has its birth in a pure and genuine inspiration of genius. The word genius comes to my pen, and now that I have written it I do not regret it, for I am fully convinced that in doing so I am only anticipating the judgment of posterity. When a man has spent all his life in conquering for himself an ideal, and has strewn his path with works of equal merit to that here exhibited; when he has proved his contempt for personal intrigue and for clamorous publicity: when he has secluded himself with his conscience for his judge, regardless of detraction and envy; when a man has done all this, it is because he feels in his soul the immortal afflatus which, at a critical moment, enables him to scale infinitude.

Hence, to the very sincere admiration I openly profess for the works of Puvis de Chavannes, I add a feeling of reverent respect for the man. At a time like ours, when, after we have learnt never to look on high, we are invited, with a vast outlay of talent, I must admit, to interest ourselves in the baser elements of the "Human Document," we have reason to be grateful to Puvis de Chavannes for not having forgotten the "Beyond" of inspiration and dreams, and for not having limited life to physiological change. We need some faith in Art, some faith in the indescribable element which dwells above individual souls; and no one has proved, nor at this present still proves, the comforting reality of that faith better than M. Puvis de Chavannes.

* * *

Still, it would be unjust to forget in favor of one artist, however great, the efforts achieved by others in the realms of dreams and of the ideal: the master has disciples, and these often deserve that we should pause to consider their vision, and inquire into their scheme of æsthetics. Here, for instance, is M. Ménard, whose rapid progress can astonish no one who appreciated him from the first. He

AN INTERESTING MATTER

T. Roll

shows us, in the "Creek of Kergos," two women remotely akin to the nymphs of antique heathendom, in a light where fading twilight sheds its ruddy tones; in his "Good Samaritan" he is biblical, and when I say biblical I mean to say that he has striven to be at once as simple as a primitive legend and profoundly human. The scene is shown in a dim, diaphanous light, with a breath of emotion which is thoroughly dramatic without being assertive, and it is painted with a reserve and charm which make this picture very nearly a masterpiece.

M. Osbert rouses sweet and poetical sensations by his picture called "Virgin Harmonies," full of veiled expression; the Virgins, in long robes, pause in a picturesque spot, listening to the breezes which must whisper vague and strange things in their maiden ears. M. Osbert has a way of his own, and a very attractive way, of infusing poetry into art, and his works have always a penetrating charm of sentiment.

M. Séon, who has long been in the front, works upon lines much resembling those of M. Osbert, but he is more decidedly hieratic. "In the Woods, Evening," for this is the title of his canvas, is a vision of fair forms in flight through the mysterious silence of great trees. The world is not yet sunk in heavy sleep, but every sound is dulled and smothered, voices are subdued, and these floating visions, with their symbolical rigidity, will vanish as soon as the shades of night are thicker. M. Séon is delicately æsthetic, and I highly appreciate his refinement of line and tone; his picture this year makes my memory ring with certain lines by Gallus, the forgotten poet, who won the love of Lycoris and died of it.

With Mr. Hawkins symbolism is carried to the point of being unintelligible, and artificiality takes the place of the power which is indispensable to sound health in Art. The painter calls one of his pictures "Materialism and Idealism." An old man seated on the left, with the beard of a river god and a mask in his hand; on the right a vision of a woman holding a flower, the flower surrounded by a large nimbus. It is quite certain that each detail of this picture has a

meaning; but is it the function of painting to require a laborious effort of the understanding, without satisfying the eye at least by some charm of color? A picture *qua* picture is color and not a riddle: and in Mr. Hawkins' picture I find a thinker indeed, but look in vain for the colorist. His "Mystical Christmas," even with its lavish adornment of glories on the brows of the virgins, is more than vague: it does not suggest devotion; it is not the expression of a great idea; it is only a very confused idea of expression. We may, it seems to me, apply to painting what old Boileau said of language, and say, changing a word:

"What we conceive of distinctly we state clearly, and the *colors* to express it are easily found."

With Mr. Hawkins the conception is unnecessarily complicated, and the brush singularly anæmic; it is a pity. I like best his "Eve," a prettily drawn study.

M. Marcius-Simons, again, puts a great many ideas into what he paints; but his intellectual power is great enough for the resulting work to assume the breadth of a fine synthesis. His two exhibits this year deserve not merely attention, but high praise. In one, "Under the Radiance of the Cross," he shows us a procession of all the human masses that have fought to defend the sacred symbol. It is a march of Crusaders of all ages to conquer Paradise. In the other, among the ruins of dead civilizations, blooms the ever pure image of virginity. These two important works require us, no doubt, to spend a moment's reflection on understanding them; but the idea is soon discerned, very clearly expressed with wonderfully harmonious coloring and a judicious sense of tone. M. Marcius-Simons has in respect of color made immense progress, and besides this the ingenuity and skill of his arrangement reveal the knowledge of composition with which he is especially gifted. He is a mystic who has revived in this late nineteenth century as it were a distant echo of the miniature painters of the fourteenth; his eyes can discern the heavens in reading a page of a missal.

Jean Béraud
1894

THE FORCE INTO EGYPT

M. Béraud, too, is a mystic, but after a fashion of his own. We remember the two episodes he borrowed from the life of Jesus Christ for his pictures in 1891 and 1892. This year he rises to a sentiment of higher philosophy in his "Way to the Cross." To the left a howling mob—the same which had demanded the release of Barabbas—is crowding round Christ, who is fainting under the weight of the cross; on the right another crowd looks on at the appalling procession, but these are resigned to grief and strong in suffering. Béraud has here embodied the creed of the Christian world, and he has done so with all his qualities as a modern, as a man who thinks and aims at being understood. I shall presently allude, among his other pictures, to his portrait of Armand Silvestre, smiling as he smokes his pipe, while on each side of him leans a Muse: the Muse who writes verse, and the Muse who prompts.

M. Uhde does not seem to me to be improving. He still lingers, as to subject, in the scenes of the New Testament, but the aspect he gives to their interpretation in his anxiety to be human and modern verges on the conventional. His "Flight into Egypt" is like the escape of a party on strike at the approach of the police in the

purlieus of a mining town. It gives no idea of what the title indicates. Were it not for the Holy Child, whose head, furnished, it would seem, with an incandescent lamp, does duty as a dark lantern and lights up the faces of his parents, we should never suspect the painter of having intended to make a religious picture. If M. Uhde had intended to extract a philosophical dogma from the letter of the Gospel, we might forgive him for this travestie of the actors and their appearance in modern garb: but he does not aim at literary painting; he means to be a painter and nothing but a painter—which is quite enough; and this time he has made a mistake. This work has none of the fine power of his "Last Supper," exhibited some years ago. His other picture here, "On the way to Emmaus," sins in the same way; he destroys the legend instead of interpreting it. We should not indeed recognize the Risen Lord in the mysterious traveler who has joined the pilgrims, so he identifies Him by the nimbus of holiness; as to the pilgrims, they can only be supposed to be two journeymen laborers, more accustomed to rest their elbows on a tavern table than to meditate on the eternal life of Him who died on the Cross. A modern reading is quite justifiable when a thought is embodied in the symbolical interpretation of a parable, but when a story is to be told history must be strictly respected.

I greatly prefer the emotional sincerity and devout spirit of M. Moreau-Nélaton in his pictures, "The old Curé," "Breton Women in a Grave-yard," "Holy Communion," "Monks," "The Baptism of Christ," etc. The feeling is deeply religious, they are full of a conviction which is very impressive, and if the darker shadows were less heavy the work would be quite excellent.

II

Landscape painters muster strong at the Champ de Mars, and some are known to fame: I may confess that I have a weakness for some who are little known, or who have not yet found their true level in the opinion of amateurs: and how a painter is known to find

Maurice Cossart 1896

his level is a familiar fact: it is enough that taste should "take up" his work, and then his pictures, after being hailed by men capable of understanding them, will be accepted by those who will never understand them. This is no paradox. The most cultivated connoisseurs may court an artist as much as they please, with the utmost goodwill, or even admiration, and the artist will be soothed and flattered, nay, encouraged to work more and better, and to rise from the better to perfection; but he will never attain renown and glory. Whereas if one of the drones who buzz about without rhyme or reason should attach himself to the said artist, and trumpet round him with the hideous clamor of "puff," then, lo! at once admirers throng; and as praise is as easy as abuse to this short-sighted and intrusive species, since neither is founded on any serious principle, the artist will find himself on an elevation which may sometimes seem rather perilous, not by reason of the height on which he has been placed, but in consequence of the rapidity with which he has been carried up to it. Then we say that

fortune has favored the artist; fortune in the sense of blind chance to be sure; but this, after all, is but a metaphor, of which we must analyze the meaning. We have seen many such celebrities of which the world has presently tired. And what becomes of them? What is the end of those artists who, after taking advantage of this spurious success, see the edifice of their fame, founded in sand, crumble away under them, and feel that they are the victims of the age, often the victims of themselves? I am inclined to believe that the length of the initiatory struggle counts for something in the duration and excellence of the work; I know that, for my own part, I have a particularly tender feeling for those brave souls who look for nothing from fashion, and trust only to their own sustained efforts and laborious conquests.

In the foremost rank of these I see Sisley. From the first of the struggle he stood forth as an impressionist, with a manner of his own, and a determination based on reasoned convictions. Exhibitions of distinct groups multiply daily: we find him in all with aggressive examples; sometimes fierce, sometimes in softer mood, always very harmonious. But he is so rash as to believe in the triumph of Art for Art; he holds aloof from little cliques; he is not to be met in the society of those who talk much and do little, and many who have adopted his style and formed their manner of seeing on his, have outstripped him and force themselves on the public before him. Any other man would have been annoyed and discouraged; Sisley simply goes on working and producing. While others adhere to a single formula, which has met with favor at the first attempt, he explores his native soil of Moret, sketch-book in hand; he has not time to indulge in bitterness; all he sees, all that passes, beings animate and inanimate, he notes them all swiftly, quite clearly, with pencils of many-colored chalk; then, when he must rest, he takes a canvas and elaborates a synthesis of all he has analyzed in detail in his wanderings, painting pictures of intense brilliancy. Thus, for more than twenty years, this lover of nature has been steadily adding to the vast number of his works. His inquiring passion for color never

ceases from seeking what variations the sun, the great tone-master, can improvise on the scale of light. At the Champ de Mars, since the formation of the National Society, he has exhibited many masterpieces of true and exquisite effect, without dryness, in which daring treatment of color results in perfect harmony; and it amazes me to think that Sisley, who is certainly one of the most remarkable landscape painters of the time, is only now beginning to find among amateurs the acceptance due to a master. This year, the wall devoted to his works reveals a new vein of thought in this painter. He has studied the church at Moret, and shows it under various skies; here we have it at noon; then in the morning, with a cheerful, bright sun; next we see an effect of rain; again an effect of light after rain; and, in his four other pictures, the painter shows us his powers of drawing and tone, his singularly skillful sense of the pictorial, with a delicate feeling for the conditions of pleasing color. In his other works, "The Last Days of Autumn," "Summer, by the Loing," "The Porte de Bourgogne, Moret," his diaphanous skies, perfectly studied and drawn, light up choice nooks of nature, and he is one of the rare artists who, with all his balance and sobriety, can give us a sensation of space and breadth and atmosphere. Sisley, I must repeat, is a master, and it is a pleasure to me, year after year, to admire and compliment him.

A young artist, whom I praise with equal satisfaction, is Adolphe Chudant. Three years ago, when he first appeared in public with some studies of Algeria and of Franche-Comté, true in feeling and mysteriously grave in tone, I wrote: "We have here a meditative student who sees and renders nature with a sort of sturdy reverence, averse to clamor. Still, he gives an effect of full sunlight with infinite delicacy and art. . . . He pleases me best in his symphonies of moonlight tones. . . . In M. Chudant's pictures we find something better than sensations, we find emotions; his craft is sincere, his ideas are clear, his inspiration is lofty: in looking at his work, where there is no conventional formula, we stand surprised and charmed,

won alike by the picturesque rendering and the picturesque subject." I have nothing to alter in this verdict; when I look at the five landscapes he has here of a village in Franche-Comté I even think that I have said less than the truth. In "Evening Sunbeams," the roofs of the houses and the tops of the trees are gilded with a mild glow, while the rest is shrouded in fading light. In "A Mill on the Oignon," the moon sheds a nimbus of silvery light on the scene; the lines trace soft shadows and objects assume strange forms. "In the Shade of the Forest," a dream helps out the reality and imagination prompts the eye. The trees stand like ancestors, seeming to await the hour of death now that their leaves are withered. The wasted moisture is shed like life-blood on the soil, and from this wild rottenness of departed verdure spring fungi, huge toadstools, the unhealthy offspring born of the travail of decaying nature. It is wonderfully powerful, full of a sort of hieratic inspiration. M. Chudant is in a path where we may hope to see him attain greatness. He has the gift of color; he has, too, poetry and feeling; from such beginnings we may look for the master of to-morrow, and that master will be M. Chudant.

M. Dulac is another young painter whose work is already important. Is it not he who, besides his studies in oils, has produced some lithographed work of marked individuality? His lithographs for the *Canticles of Creation*, by St. Francis of Assisi, are extremely interesting; but I can only allude to them here, and must speak of his two pictures in the Champ de Mars: "A Hill-side Terrace" and a "Cloister in Sunshine." The latter especially attracts me; it is a corner in the Abbey of Vezelay. The cloister, with its stone arches, is brilliant with clear light; in the background is the figure of a nun. It is only a study, but a study which has all the charm and qualities of a picture.

M. Eliot again is a painter of fresh air and sunshine; indeed his coloring is daring enough to have won him imitators already. His pictures this year show him as brilliant and, I may say, as successful as usual. M. Eliot would, I am convinced, be a decorative painter of the first class; I should be glad if someone would commission him

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to cover a large surface. In his "Water-Music," a figure of a girl playing a flute as she rises from a spring whose mirror-like surface is partly covered by water-lilies, the arrangement is agreeable and the decorative effect excellent. I have also noted by him, as quite exquisite, "The Village," with a little path where one could love to dream, and "Sunshine under Trees," one of the golden visions he can call up.

With the works of M. Thaulow we are studying a master. Whether he brings to the study of our picturesque Channel coast eyes which see in it reflections of a Scandinavian sky, I know not, but I do know that truth and intelligent appreciation can go no further. His evening lights with the subdued vividness of verdure; his moonlight studies, with their extreme delicacy, are mysteriously enchanting; look at the pictures called: "On the banks of the Canche," "Moonlight in the Pas-de-Calais," "On the Ramparts, Montreuil-sur-Mer," and, above all, "The Church Square at Montreuil," and you will see that they are little short of masterpieces.

And I might write quite a long dissertation on the painters from nature at the Champ de Mars, bearing not only on the tendencies they illustrate, but also on the form those tendencies assume, according to the nationality of the artist who represents them. Space, however, prohibits this; I can only make brief mention of a few names on which I would willingly have dwelt at greater length.

M. Billotte has deserted the suburbs of Paris for Albania; there we find him with his dexterous monochrome and subtly subdued tones. I know not whether the effects are true, not having been there to see, but his pictures are always pleasing. M. Cabrit depicts "Autumn in the Forest" in three fine paintings: "Dripping Woods," "Hoar Frost," and "The Oaks of Taussat." M. Cazin sends landscapes which are as good as those we have seen before, but no better; now, it seems to me that in art it is as well not to stand marking time. M. Gabriel has a little gem called "Rouen." Under a grey sky that promises a rainy morrow, we see the town in a panorama from a grassy knoll where cows are feeding; it is a quite unpretentious canvas, but one of the most remarkable.

I must likewise mention "Pale Sunshine" and "Autumn," two delicate little bits by M. de Meixmoron; some fine studies in *grisaille* by M. Simas, who also has a capital portrait of Ch. Léger, the manager of the poets' theatre; "Under the Trees," by Mr. Smith; M. Boudin's sea-pieces, with their usual light clear coloring, neither more nor less; the "Flock of Sheep," coming out of an avenue with yellowed leaves through which the sunlight falls in flecks, a really superb picture by M. Franz Courtens, whose other canvases are equally worth looking at; "Touaregs on a Raid," a work full of life and exquisite coloring, by M. Girardet, who has brought more very pleasing studies from Bou-Saada.

M. Maurice Courant is, as is well known, a sea-painter of the very first rank; the pictures he exhibits amply prove it; the "Channel of Saint-Guénolé" is a grand study by an artist who thoroughly understands and loves the sea; "A Summer Morning" and "Prawn

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THE MILL AT ARTOIS

LEAVES: THE SHEPHERD

Fishing" are likewise first-class pieces. M. Dauphin took advantage of the visit of the Russian navy to Toulon to produce a series of pictures in which his talent as a painter of daylight has full play: his shipping has justly attracted attention.

Mr. Harrison is a fascinating artist; he lends the sea a somewhat sentimental aspect, and we would fain speak of his waves and shore in verses tearful with pathos. He simply seeks marine effects and emotions, and gives his works no other titles than the general name of "Pictures." I certainly should not have mistaken them for chairs. This is but a trivial remark; still, indefiniteness should not be carried to the verge of silliness, and intangible as the subtleties are which Mr. Harrison insists on in the work of his brush, unutterable as they may seem in a language fettered by the use of words, it is perhaps going a little too far to comment on them in flippant platitudes. At the same time I see Mr. Harrison's genuine talent, and I have admired his work too long for him to take my remarks in ill-part.

M. Ch. Meissonier, after a long absence, re-appears, bringing from his sea-voyages a capital picture, "A Fishing Smack making for Port in Rough Weather;" two seamen are working the tackle while the open blue tosses them with convulsive throes. It is a good work, well and very simply composed, true to nature and intensely strong in color. M. Ch. Meissonier re-appears with a success, and having always upheld the great name he bears, he now has proved with happy effect that he is worthy to bear it.

M. Mesdag again is a fine marine-painter; his vessels and his strands are seen with insight and rendered with power. "Low Tide, Morning at Schevening," under a grey sky, deserves long study. I may speak with great praise of M. Baertsoen's contributions. "Boats on the Snow," "An Old Flemish Canal," "Nieuport, Evening," which are firmly painted in a perfectly harmonious key of color, and I particularly like his large study of roofs and verdure

noted down with summary decisiveness and called "Evening on the Sand Hills, Mariakerke-sur-Mer."

M. Verstraëte strikes me as exceptionally happy this year. His "September Morning" is little short of a masterpiece; the landscape is blurred by mist, but we can trace the road which goes up-hill, and in the sky the sun, scarcely risen, flings warm lights across the scene. As to his "Hay-Stacks" seen through darkness, they make us forget other and more famous hay-stacks; they are the work of a sure and honest hand, as is the "Departure" of some sailors in a clear August evening.

M. Hagborg, who has taught us to look for his figures of seamen and peasant-girls, prettily grouped, witness two of his pictures, "By the Sea-Shore" in Sweden and "A Milkmaid" in Picardy, also exhibits a charming profile of a fair woman dressed in black velvet, the bodice trimmed with yellow. It is a new line for this artist, and a charming work, which I prefer to "La Tosca;" this is rather mannered with the pink and green dress, and the flowers are drily executed.

M. Lucien Gros, in a quite small picture, shows us a party of Brittany peasants, men and women setting out on a jaunt to "A Pardon in the Neighborhood of Concarneau;" it is composed with much talent and ingenuity, and painted with the breadth of brush-work which has made M. Lucien Gros one of the most justly popular of our colorists.

Finally, I must on no account omit the geese and the flowers, wonderfully truthful studies from life by M. Schuller, and the fruit, "Water Melons, Peaches, Figs, and Plums," all of which are amazingly tempting as painted by the epicure brush of M. Zakarian.

III

Portrait painting generally blossoms splendidly at the Champ de Mars. This season is worthy of its predecessors. I find on the walls many names that I hold in high esteem, and though my space

LOW TIDE

is limited. I will attempt, not indeed a technical study of the art of portraiture, but a rapid review of the portrait painters here. And at the head of this body of artists I must name the venerable painter Marcelin Desboutin, who, though he for fifty years marked the stages of his career by masterpieces, still awaits the cross of the Legion of Honor, which he has so well deserved, at the hands of some just, enlightened minister. It is well known that Desboutin has risen to the highest skill in the art of dry-point etching on copper, and many persons choose to overlook the painter in favor of the engraver. There can be no greater mistake, and the series of his works, here carried on in the portraits of Miss Maud Gonne, Amilcare Cipriani, Mademoiselle de B., and two studies of women, abundantly prove what an artist he is, solid in his workmanship and of great individuality in conception and coloring.

MONTZAROLE—*A Lure*, etc.

Someone—and a someone well versed in the history of Art and of the Italian Renaissance—someone, then, has said of Desboutin that he is the finest portrait-painter of this century. I am strongly inclined

to endorse this opinion. He has, in fact, a striking power in his transcription of his sitter, the sensitiveness which thrills to everything beautiful, everything generous and noble. Whether with the brush or the graving-tool, he reads a face as no one else can, analyzes a character and identifies the psychology of the individual. He sees with his own eyes, piercing, inquiring eyes; his inspiration is independent, that is to say, genuine inspiration; and he has what this quality alone can assure to its possessor, undeniable originality. And what exquisite things he has produced! What beautiful works bear his name! How perfectly he knows how to render the smile of youth on a rosy face, or the patient melancholy of middle age at the corner of eyelids puckered by the wrinkles of years; and so broadly, with a sweep of the brush, without hesitation or groping! It is life in the full bloom of feeling and movement that he seizes and fixes; something so deeply observed and so truly seen that it is quite startling, and rivets you in front of his portraits, full of surprise and amazement, which disarm all criticism. You look, examine, analyze the work. All is perfect! A technique which is never at fault, a simplicity of handling which is the very stamp of the best art, a manner which is all his own and which no one will surpass or perhaps ever equal; and with all this an infinite variety of color, from the most subtly delicate to the strongest and most emphatic, while the harmony is always perfect. Nothing less than this is the talent of this really great artist, a man of self-reliant and accurate mind, of great erudition, the survivor of another age, never indifferent to any question of art or philosophy, and who has come to the evening of life unknown to those who ought to sit at his feet, and still awaits the modest reward due to his patient and noble efforts for our national art. Perhaps I shall not be listened to! What matter? I shall, at any rate, have satisfied my conscience by this frank expression of opinion, and have offered my tribute of the utmost respect and admiration to this stoical old painter, who, for half a century past, has been steadily marching on to the conquest of the beautiful, undaunted and undismayed.

TOMMI NAVAL COMBAT

Next to Desboutin I would place a painter who follows an analogous path, a path where he is inevitably isolated from the crowd, because there are subtleties of perception which the crowd is incapable of discerning. This painter is M. Aman-Jean. True connoisseurs appreciate him from the first time he exhibited, and he has now come into possession of his full powers of expression: intentional simplicity, in appearance almost elementary; the preservation of reality without any pandering to realism; a highly poetical point of view which lends extreme distinction to his treatment. In looking at his portraits I am in a mysterious manner spell-bound; here is art essentially modern, and nevertheless it is art for all time. Art such as this has all the aroma, the absorption, the serene rapture of prayer. Here he shows us the master-sculptor Dampt working out an idea, here the delightfully subtle novelist Jules Case, here again a woman in black seated—and this portrait is a masterpiece. And a "Beatrice," and a young girl; but in all we find the same unreserved and forcible art, the same faith and the same idealism of treatment, the same synthetical apprehension of effects grasped by means of a magical power of transcription. He, too, is a master. He need lend no ear to those who will not or cannot understand him; he has only to pursue the thorny path, painting for the small circle of the elect who admire him and who feel as he feels; no matter if the uphill road is like the hill to Calvary; on the summit of that hill blooms the garland of immortality.

M. Antonio Gandara, again, has made a place apart with his portraits. The picture he exhibits this year, "The Princesse de Chimay," standing, dressed in an Empire costume of white satin, is remarkably fine; I know not if I am mistaken, but if I wished to find in Music a standard of comparison with M. Gandara's painting, I should suggest the swift, highly-colored conceptions, vigorous too, and murmurous, of Chopin. There is an exquisite reserve in all that M. Gandara does, which gives his talent the stamp of extreme distinction. He has not yet perhaps achieved the perfection he aims at;

but we may be very sure that he will attain it. He is an æsthetic spirit with a sense of beauty, of the art as of the eye.

Not far below M. Gandara I admire the works sent by Mr. Alexander, who looks for less spontaneity in grace, but atones for this shade of refinement by effervescent spirit and life, by sturdy audacity and magical intensity of vitality. Look, for instance, at his portraits of two painters, Thaulow and Pranishnikoff, and more especially at that of a young woman, full length, in a dress of lilac satin wonderfully supple in the reflected lights, and you will see all the force of originality that is shown by this new-comer to the realm of art, and all the promise we are justified in seeing for his future career.

M. Jacques Blanche has for some years attracted a good deal of attention, but I fancy he has never before more fully realized his own dreams. There was a time when he was feeling for a personal key of color, going from sober tones to light hues by terms, lingering over bright carnations and silvery greys, after dallying with deep greens and glaucous blues. Ever since he first figured in our exhibitions I have watched his progress with faithful attention, for I discerned in him a painstaking student capable of improvement, and an artist by conviction, able for strenuous work. At the present day his manner derives its charm rather from the psychological purpose which animates his conception than from the seductive tones of his chromatic harmony; and, as I look at his fine series of portraits of women and young girls, I cannot help being reminded of the radiant smiles and feminine witcheries which are immortalized in eternal youth by the brush of the English masters Gainsborough, Lawrence, Raeburn, Hoppner, and Reynolds. I feel tempted to apply to him the words of Ernest Chesneau, writing about one of these painters: "He holds the secret of all the distinction, all the graces of woman and of childhood. He expresses with marvelous facility the most evanescent whims of fashion, and stamps them with the immortality of art. The chaste rapture of a mother, the candor and the secret ardors of maidenhood, the surprise, the simple awkwardness, the rebelliousness,

L. BARRAU

the coaxing ways of childhood, with its firm, rosy flesh—he has plucked the bloom and extracted the perfume of them all." I find all this in M. Jacques Blanche's portraits, in that of the Baronne B. M. in a Louis XVI costume, so full of life and expression, alike sober and vigorous in the gradations of tone; in that of Lady Eden, a name musical with suggestion of Paradise regained; in that of Madame B.; in the head of a little girl, etc. M. Jacques Blanche has other marvels in store for us, no doubt, but we hope he will rest content in the vein of inspiration where his dreams now disport themselves: in that he is quite himself, and I can imagine no other in which he could do better.

M. Albert Besnard, who has been to the lands of the sun to bathe in its light, has brought back, besides some "Horses," which I do not like, a full-length portrait of a woman in an artificial light which pleases me immensely, and in which, notwithstanding those who do not agree with me, I detect his qualities as a colorist. My interest in this painter is not a thing of yesterday; for fifteen years have I followed him step by step, and I was one of the first—I boast not vainly—to greet him as one of the men whose efforts would shine with the greatest splendor in our modern school. I know, and Besnard himself knows, that the formula on which all his work is based is not

universally acceptable; I know that his preference for peculiar effects, nay, for got-up effects—and this is no concession, there must be no mistake about that—this preference, I know, is startling, and a shock to many spectators. But where is any true originality to be found which can assert its supremacy at once, without meeting any shocks and obstacles? Is not all true originality in advance of its time? Do you suppose that Quentin de la Tour, even, whom I regard as the precursor, in the eighteenth century, of Besnard to-day, as his ancestor by numberless points of resemblance which betray their artistic relationship—do you suppose that even he found himself from the first welcome to the versatile and capricious taste of the public? Do you think that he paced hand in hand with the times? Those portraits by La Tour in the Salon of 1748, which roused Diderot to enthusiastic praise, were hung in one of the worst places, and remained unnoticed save by a few; and Diderot, who records the fact, adds: "It was evidently as a declaration of supremacy that La Tour exhibited those heads; to mark the immense gulf between excellence and merit, and it is quite certain that on coming out of the corner where they were buried, it was hard to tolerate any other works of the same class."

And Diderot is still right in our own times. To distinguish excellence from merit is the prerogative of cultivated minds. Merit—the good—is the general rule, the standard of appreciation to every taste; excellence—the best—is the exception, and not every eye can look up to its level; it is, as it were, the Beyond which must always remain inscrutable to those who refuse to subject their flaccid receptivity to the slower but more certain control of their reason. And the more I study Besnard's work and bring reason to bear on it, the more I am convinced that his manner is not the outcome of caprice, but of a sound tradition, with laborious accuracy of draughtsmanship, with power applied to the most delicate effects, and delicacy clothed in amazing power.

M. Carolus-Duran fills so much space—and always the same—that

THE POET WITH THE MANDOLINE

I am obliged to speak of him here. "The Poet with the Mandoline" is, to be sure, a pretty bit of painting; and his other portraits are full of workmanlike qualities, which assures his success with the public; but why will M. Carolus-Duran experiment in landscape? If M. Degas allows himself to note down his dreams in queer scraps, showing, as it were, the synthesis of his scheme and inspiration, well and good; M. Degas is a master who may risk himself in paths unknown to him; he is sure of getting through unharmed. But in M. Carolus-Duran I can discover no idea plastic enough to compel him to a striving after originality; and in these days, in landscape, originality, individuality is everything or the painter is nowhere. Landscape is not to be treated like portrait. Certain portrait-painters are allowed a perennial sameness because the characteristic something of the head represented is admitted as a factor in the sum total; and given the necessity of a likeness to what may be ugly or insipid, the absence of mind and the more or less mechanical repetition of a formula are a matter of indifference; but in painting nature, all the more when the picture is to interpret a dream of nature, old tradition must necessarily be somewhat shaken off and the artist must renew his youth by sincere observation, in the abstract and meditative aspect of the picturesque.

M. Carolus-Duran, who has achieved easy success, should have remembered this before displaying to the public sketches and notes which ought never to have left his studio.

Mr. James Whistler is very clever, and he knows it; but Mr. James Whistler, a native of Baltimore, would not be sorry to make us believe him much more clever than he is. After forcing himself on the public by the strangeness of his mannerisms, he might, not indeed have taken up another point of view—for he is able to modify this very skillfully—but have selected another mode of presenting it. For some years now, to remind us that he assumes to be a colorist, everything he paints bears a title uncommonly like the tickets stuck in the drawers in a haberdasher's and silk-mercer's shop; he calls them: "Violet and Silver;" "Blue and Violet;" "Rose and Red;" "Green

and Violet;" "Black and Gold;" "Brown and Gold;" and so forth; and as he fears, no doubt, that such a description will be insufficient to inform the visitor, he adds a more explicit title: "The Deep Sea," "The Tulip," "Portrait of Count X.," "Portrait of Lady Y."

Many persons, easily won by clap-trap, in this see devotion to art with the intensity of genius; they even go so far as to find sincerity in all this, whereas it is essentially artificial. Others, who judge with more dispassionate coolness, regard all this as a lack of simplicity and a constant craving after singularity, to distinguish himself from his peers. One of the writers who have most eloquently praised Mr. Whistler, an eminent writer who would think he did no justice to his love of some artists if he did not crush others by his hatred, says that his portraits are phantom-like; he speaks of his realistic painting full of insight, but overstepping the vagueness of a dream. And he says again, with greater lucidity and truth, that these phantom portraits seem to recede, to be trying to sink into the wall with their enigmatical eyes and their glazed, red, ghoul-like mouths. These remarks, he adds, are especially applicable to the portrait of Sarasate which he exhibited in 1886, a portrait of a medium, vague and nervous, and even the splendid "Lady Archibald Campbell," the glory of the Salon of 1885. And he ends his description of this last by saying that here again the artist has extracted from the flesh an indefinite expression of soul, and has thus transformed his sitter into a disquieting sphinx.

Thus, what this critic most admires in Mr. Whistler's portraits is that the men supply him with portraits of mediums, and the women with models for sphinxes. Are we not justified in inquiring whether painting has no better function than this, and would it not be more accurate to say, "There are fine things in these works" than to assert, "This alone is fine?" Mr. Whistler himself must have been aware of this, for between his "Portrait of his Mother," which I hailed as an inmate of the Luxembourg, and the "Portrait" of a man exhibited this year, he has painted a vast number which seem to me

MAY DAYE MAMMA

J. Rixens 1897

to be based on a more extravagantly mystical formula, an intermediate formula, which he has wisely given up. But will his admirers forgive him for so doing? For my part, I have a high appreciation of Mr. Whistler's talent; his work has absolutely no relation to nature, but he has a most attractive and unrestrained scheme of palette. It is time, however, that he should leave it to his works to glorify his name, instead of making it his business, with a readiness bereft of all modesty, to glorify his works.

Finally, among the portraits to be remembered in this Salon, where there are many remarkable portraits, I note that of M. Focké, a large study broadly illuminated and full of life, by M. Dagnaux; a sweet, white baby, dressed for a walk, a portrait painted with bewildering skill by M. Tofano, before which every mother will pause with a fond pathetic smile; "Ianthis," a delicate artistic fantasy, studied from the profile of Mademoiselle Lucienne Dorsy in her part in Jean Lorrain's fine poem, by M. G. Béthune, who for once has neglected his very

characteristic landscapes, "Jacques," a child in a basket full of roses, a rather whimsically weak fancy, by Gyp; besides many by MM. Courtois, Gervex, Duez and others.

IV

"The artist," says Lucien Arréat in his curious study of the psychology of the painter, "has a strong emotional memory; but this memory may vary in character .... Thus, collective memory gave birth to religious art in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, to the pagan art of the Renaissance, to the art of fashion in the eighteenth century, to the realistic or trivial art of to-day. However independent and individual he may be, the artist always imbibes much from the passions of his time and race, and is never free of some community of feeling with his contemporaries."

Further on he adds: "The social feelings aroused by a work supplement the special feeling for art. They enhance and prolong it, and make every sensitive chord in us vibrate to its current, but they do not of themselves constitute that feeling independent of our choice. The sentiment of sympathy or antipathy, whatever its object, is for the most part superinduced in music and in painting; it may be lacking, and it ought not to be excessive. It is by pleasing the eye that the first cause of emotion is to be sought, and the sensorial origin of pleasure in pictorial art seems to me beyond dispute." I recalled these clearly-stated principles as I studied the works I am about to discuss. Emotional memory, and the inevitable necessity for the artist to keep pace with the passions of the age are the elements to be sought in works of art.

Well, it is certainly not the pleasure of the eye which detains us before the triptych which M. Frédéric calls: "All is dead!" I have these two years noted M. Frédéric's work with much interest. In 1892 he exhibited a torrent in which every bowlder was the figure of a child, and the whole picture was swarming with life and infancy. In 1893 his talent had gained in solidity, the idea was clearer and

F. ADRIEN MOREAU

loftier: a study of heads full of genuine vitality. But now, in 1894, we are taken far away from things possible, I could almost say things permissible. At first sight we discover in the three divisions of this triptych what looks like the hideous refuse of the shambles; by looking a little closer we discern a distorted mass of dead bodies, dull and flabby in color, in many cases ill-drawn, and composed by no law of line or beauty. I understand that on one side the artist has meant to show that Justice is no more, on the other that Faith is extinct: but the subject has no finality. The painter might have continued the horrible catastrophe on any number of panels as sickening as an anatomical study, and representing the horrors of purulent fermentation. I do not say that there are no ideas behind this dismal blunder; on the contrary, there are too many, and hence the confusion. But in attacking so difficult a subject, an artist should beware of the ridiculous and let nothing betray him into laying himself open to the hilarity of caricature. Now M. Frédéric shows us, hovering over his slaughter-house, a form representing presumably a divine Creator bewailing the death of creation; and this elderly God-the-Father, of the most conventional religious tradition, reminds us of the symbolical bogey of a fairy tale for naughty children, rather than of the abstract Eternal about whom the mysticism of all ages has been evolved. Instead of an almost ineffable vision, the painter shows us a regular ogre intolerably commonplace. M. Frédéric owes us amends: he wished to terrify us, he has, on the contrary, filled us with loathing; he has strained after power, and is only clumsy and coarse: he has aimed at pathos, and has reached the verge of the grotesque; his pessimism is artificial; his ideas even have got bogged in this foul mass of corruption, which is a reminiscence of the freezing apparatus of the Morgue. This is not what an artist should aim at, and when that artist is clever—as M. Frédéric certainly is—he ought not to fall into such a disastrous error.

M. Frédéric shows us what is dead: Louis Deschamps, on the other hand, excels in showing us what ought to live. His picture

entitled "Charity" represents Saint Vincent-de-Paul cherishing a deserted child; but instead of adhering to symbolical treatment he represents the living reality. It is M. Vincent, as he used to be called of old, the kind protector of childhood, alive and carrying the comforted child in his arms. The face of the man is admirable, lighted up with the lofty glow alike of faith and of human kindness; and the child, typically round and rosy, is delightfully and innocently graceless. Deschamps is a painter of the first rank, who has long made his own mark by absolute individuality of treatment. Strangely vigorous as a colorist he had to contend with the traditions of a school which would have nothing to say to his heavy impasto and violent light and shade. On the other hand he amazed the public by the intense feeling he could put into the eyes of his girlish heads with tearful eyes; he held his own; and at the present day there is no one, I believe, who does not acknowledge the power of his talent in such pieces of painting, for instance, as his "Grasshopper" or his "Fervency," both exhibited this year.

M. Dagnan-Bouveret is a happy man; the public are in the habit of looking for nothing from him but masterpieces, and not to be disappointed insist on regarding as such every picture he produces. M. Dagnan-Bouveret is beyond doubt an artist whose talent is equal to his reputation. But it would be, I think, an act of injustice or at least an error of taste, to ascribe equal merit to everything that a master produces, simply because it is the creation of a master. This painter's works this year are very interesting; his portraits are psychological studies, and his "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane," though rather extravagantly mystical, is certainly a capital production; but his "Woman selling Tapers," though a well-considered study, does not appeal to me; it is a work of artistic distinction, but I find in it nothing to reveal what some persons, by a misuse of the word, choose to call genius. I cannot recognize genius without strong feeling, and this sitting figure, whose rigidity is accentuated by that of the tapers, does not stir me to any emotion.

The nude has some fervent votaries in the National Society: first we have M. Georges Callot, whom I have observed these eight or ten years, and whom the public in their turn are now beginning to observe. Nothing less than his immense success at the last exhibition of works in pastel was enough to lift this artist as if by enchantment out of the shade. His two pictures, "The Song of the Morning" and the "Death of Eurydice," are two exquisite works, and ineffably poetical. In the first, a young nymph, with her back to the spectator, is just awake. She stands, smoothing the waves of her hair with a careless hand, and listening attentively to the murmurous voice of the morning, wafting up to the gods the orison of the woods. And a fume of rapture is exhaled from all things touching the sweet creature's rosy limbs with a thrill as tender as a kiss. In the second, Eurydice is represented sinking down on the moss in the forest. In fleeing from the guilty pursuit of Aristæus she has trodden on a serpent that has bitten her, and poisoned by the fatal venom, she feels her life slowly ebbing away. But it is not anguish that is written on her features. The creeping numbness parts her lips in a smile of ecstasy. The flowers that have clung to her hair form a bridal wreath, and her drooping eyelids await the last kiss of Zephyr which shall waft away her soul.

Georges Callot has a coloring of his own; thoroughly familiar with the charms of eighteenth-century beauties, he gives to his female model an elegance which is fascinating, because with him it is the result of serious study of the figure, and not of mere whimsical affectation. As he has mastered all the secrets of decorative art, his arrangement is always in admirable taste and full of subtle expression. More than many others, who however have, with sudden notoriety—too sudden perhaps—gained more admirers, he fulfills the condition laid down by M. Lucien Arréat, which I have just quoted, that the pleasure of the eye is needful as the first cause and basis of emotion, and to justify the sensorial origin of pleasure in pictorial art.

M. Armand Point, again, has his own personal way of seeing things. I do not think I am doing any wrong to his very sound qualities as a colorist by saying that he looks at nature with a poet's eyes and derives charming inspiration from what he sees. His coloring appeals indeed not to the eye alone, it finds interpretation in the heart. He makes us dream his dreams, and his ideal is so discreetly mysterious that it touches and subdues us. Thus his "Eve," standing in an Eden bright with fairy-like bloom, innocent as yet of the sin to come, a form unconscious of itself in an all pervading fragrance, his "Evening Harmony," his "Soul of Autumn," his "Dream of Purity," etc.

The nude in M. Jeanniot's hands is this time less attractive, but it is a kindly satire on the uglier set; we have a group of conscripts as lean as fiddle-strings, shivering in their piteous nakedness, under the paternal eye of the gendarme, at the door of the board-room where the inspectors are sitting. We find in this little picture all the qualities of composition which characterize the admirable illustrator that M. Jeanniot is known to be; but to see him as a painter we must look at this head of a "Shepherd," admirably conceived, and this exquisite bit of nature, "Diénay, evening," with the rising mist, the dying exhalation of the day, and on the hill-tops the last golden glance of the setting sun.

DOLORES OF THE LAKE

[illegible] AMARILLAN

M. Albert Dagnaux, who has a predilection for painting the nude in broad light and open air, gives the name of "Summer" to a very solid piece of work characterized by some daring in the arrangement. A young woman of fully-developed forms having bathed is dressing in her garden. The painter has caught her at a moment when her costume is still rudimentary, but it has enabled him to paint her dimpled shoulders and bust at an unaccustomed angle. There is nothing æsthetically faulty in this; and the work is interesting both in color and composition.

M. J.-J. Rousseau has taken advantage of the end of a sitting to show us a model on a chair, in the attitude of a saucy boy—a woman's figure "as bare as an Academician's address," as Alfred de Musset said. It is pleasingly executed, but decidedly mannered, even in the choice of the pose; I prefer a picture by the same artist which he calls "Grandfather," an old man overwhelmed with grief by a bed covered with flowers where his granddaughter lies dead. This is a harmony in white which reveals a colorist of delicate perception, and singularly skillful brush-work.

M. Roll is resting from his magnificent work last year by sending a series of large studies betraying a perfect obsession by the idea of motherhood. I hope this admirable master will not take my meaning in ill-part; but he seems to dwell with great insistance at this moment on the advantage to an infant of imbibing its mother's milk: it is a lesson in hygiene of which no one can overlook the moral application, and I have seen, gazing at these nursing mothers, eyes dim with tears—souls full perhaps of repentance. I hasten to add that M. Roll inculcates the lesson in works of the highest artistic merit, where his sturdy talent revels at large; the "Toilers of the Earth" and the "Exodus," as well as "Louise Cattel," are pictures to remember.

M. Binet, whose "Good Samaritan" I liked very much as being full of perennial humanity and at the same thoroughly modern, only half satisfies me in his "Temptation of Saint Anthony." He has tried

to rejuvenate the ancient theme; but under the influence of a fixed idea, which I do not understand in an intellect so clear as his, his work is confused and incoherent: I much prefer him in the picture he calls "Evening," where the figure stands out in a halo of poetry, bathed in the warm atmosphere of dying day.

Among other studies of the nude I remark "Contemplation," a youth leaning against a tree and gazing at the distance—a study and nothing more with the smallest possible effort of imagination, by M. Courtois; "The Bath," by M. Gervex, the back of a damsel who is waiting no doubt for us to retire before she steps in; "In the Morning," a lovely decorative panel by M. Aublet, a nymph, her elbow against a flowering tree and abandoning her innocent and youthful charms to the gaze of two swans in whose snowy plumage no god as yet dwells; "Between the Curtains," a female bust, with an artificial smile; still, I prefer this to another work, "Napoleon and Pius VII," by the same artist, M. J. Frappa.

M. Cottet, who displays very distinguished talent in his "Moonlight Night," and "Fishing boats setting sail" at Camaret, is less happy in his picture of the "Pardon at Landaudec, Saint John's Day." The figures are too large for the size of the canvas and crowd each other; the mass of vulgar physiognomies is unpleasant, and the color is affectedly dry and hard with a disagreeable result.

M. Dannat has not yet won over all the public to his way of seeing and painting, and I have overheard very severe criticism in front of his pictures. I myself find considerable charm in his work; pretty feeling comes to his brush with unforeseen attractiveness, and what some people blame in him as blunders are in fact intentionally daring touches, the daring in which he disports himself with all the caprice of his individual coloring. Witness his picture "Women's Talk" and his studies of Spanish women. They are full of greens, lilacs, reds and blacks of vivid effect. Quite different are the harmonies sought by M. Rondel. His "Meditation" shows us a woman in mourning seen in profile to the left, thoroughly studied, sober in color,

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and very dainty art. I note another pleasing composition by the same artist, calling up reminiscences of the quaint elegance of Le Petit Trianon, "A Young Woman reading a Letter."

Certain painters devote themselves to the representation of shrouded effects, where the high lights are suggested rather than defined, and everything floats in an atmosphere of mystery, which is perhaps the true way of seeing the studies of interiors.

And, at any rate, whether or no it be true, there are delightful subtleties to be got out of this way of seeing, and effects of extreme refinement; as in "The Toilet," by M. Prinet, a work of the first rank; as in another, "Morning Toilet," "The Invalid," and "An Interior," so many gems, by M. Tournès; and as in yet a third "Toilet," in "Pastime," "A Virtuoso," and "Half Lights," by Armand Breton.

M. Dinet, who is one of the most interesting artists of the day, has tried with some success to preserve a record of the riots

last year in the Quartier Latin. His picture has plenty of life and movement. I nevertheless prefer this painter's "Manon," or his "Chloe," and I like him best of all in his oriental sketches, "The View of the Ksar of El Golea," and the "Hillside" at Bou-Saada.

And here I find myself in front of the work of an old friend, Alfred Stevens, before whom we must bow in admiration. In 1861, M. Thoré-Bürger spoke of him in these words, which give us the essence of what distinguishes this painter's work: "M. Alfred Stevens," he says, "does not wander away in search of Greek courtesans, nor even of powdered *marquises*. He is usually faithful to our own time and paints private life, selecting his subjects from a rank which admits of dainty accessories, elegant dresses, rich silken stuffs, and jars of flowers. He gives his young ladies a capricious and easy grace, and rich and refined hues to their draperies, in the subdued light of boudoirs, favorable to reverie and sentiment.

"These little scenes, based on a trifle, on a bouquet, a letter, a whispered secret, a tear or a smile, are always brilliant and in perfect taste. A mother may point them out to her daughter, a husband may give one to his wife. The Neo-Grecian school have not that advantage; they can, however, take refuge in the drawing-rooms of courtesans, the cottages *à la Pompadour*."

It is thirty-three years since this was written, and it still applies to the essentially elegant art of M. Stevens. Only, to being the painter of dainty interiors, he has added another form of art: as a painter of marine subjects, eager and powerful, he shows great individuality. His reminiscences of Le Hàvre and of picturesque bits of the Mediterranean have shown the public how fresh his eye and brush are still, and we are stirred by seeing the quality and power of the work done by an artist who for fifty years has stood in the breach, and shown no sign of failing.

M. Friant was not well inspired when he imagined the picture called "First Advances." It represents a sort of bully trying to

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clasp a girl, who indeed seems but half-displeased at this rough and ready mode of courtship; she would certainly submit if she were within doors. But the scene is in the open air; a few yards off stands a little girl staring at the struggle, and not even with surprise, rather with a sort of envy. Now, it is all very well to say that in a work of art the execution alone is to be considered; this is, after all, no more than a theory; and even if the attitude were fine the idea cannot, in my opinion, be overlooked. But I see nothing in harmony with healthy æsthetic principles in the lad's head, half-hidden by the girl's hand, and distorted by being forced back. To make up for this mistake let us look at some other works by this artist, whose talent is to me very sympathetic, "The Fisherman," "Bread," and a "Frugal Meal;" I find him again in these, and can praise him unreservedly.

Finally, before leaving the paintings, I may briefly note some works to which I ought to call attention: "*L'heure de cendre*," in monochrome, and some portraits of young female heads of admirable quality, by M. Monod; "The Hawker," "The First Star," "The Assignation," "The Spring by the Cypress," delightful pictures by M. J.-A. Meunier, a coming master; "The Emperor," a fancy piece by M. Paul Robert; "The Vision" and "The Franco-Russian Fêtes," two violent impressions, by M. L. Dumoulin; "In Drenthe," a very picturesque work, with grand trees, a shuddering pool, a cottage, some sheep, and a deep sky full of air, a very fine work by M. Stengelin, who fills an enviable high place among the nature painters of the day; "Napoleon at Wagram," by M. H. Dupray; a fine portrait of some children, and quite charming "Souvenirs of Capri," by M. G. Dubufe; "Capital Punishment at Barcelona" and "Minding the Baby," refined studies of subdued light, by M. Casas; "Awakening," "The Portico," and "The Blue Court," studies of a peculiar individuality, by M. Rusinol; "After a Song," by M. Lesrel; "An Interesting Book," and some flower panels, by Madame Madeleine Lemaire; "Mary Stuart after the Battle of

Langside," a picture full of mind, by M. John Lavery: the "Death of a Turco in 1870," a dramatic scene by M. Lubin: "A Fair," by M. Zorn; the pretty "Parisienne," by M. de Montzaigle: "Old Memories," by M. A. Perret: "Pierrots," by M. Peters: "A Naumachia," a sea-piece in which M. Chéca does not seem to be making progress; "An Artist at the Mill," by M. Firmin-Girard; "A Cup of Tea," an elegant interior, by Madame Roth; "A Woman in Mourning," by M. Richon-Brunet; "An Excursion Train," by M. Sala, etc.

And now, though these works do not come within either of the classes I have to discuss, I cannot help pausing before two pastels by Richard Ranft, "At Sea" and "Sunset at Sea," most happy records of impressions; and before some attempts in gypsography by M. Pierre Roche, incomparable for artistic feeling.

I take pleasure in mentioning Richard Ranft, because we may build high hopes for his future. He is a born landscape-painter; wherever he plants his easel he at once seizes the indefinable feeling of the scene and reproduces it without hesitancy, with rare boldness of sincerity, and indisputable harmony of coloring.

The early dawn, still dim with mist, flinging over the moist grass the doubtful glow which drinks the dew; the morning, seeming itself to shake off the torpor of the night; the blaze of noon, under which the yellowing corn spreads its tresses of gold; the twilight, lending to the broken horizon of hills a setting of purple sunshine; the evening, when stars twinkle and vanish again in the transparent dusk; skies irisdescent, skies where storms are darkly brewing their wild and terrible onslaught; clouds as light as a bridal veil, and clouds charged with the passion of tears, against the cold and silent void—all the unfailing magic of the hour and the day, of the months and the seasons, has been noted by Richard Ranft in a series of works already not inconsiderable: and with the enthusiasm of youth, with insight that comes from the heart and with a manual dexterity that has profited by the efforts

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of his predecessors to come further to the front in the lines of a new æsthetic method.

V

The National Society has reserved a separate place for the works of M. James Tissot; two new rooms have been devoted to his studies.

SAINT MARGUERITE

paintings, drawings and compositions executed to illustrate the Gospel history; and in the course of my rapid glance through the Salon of the Champ de Mars it is my duty, too, to reserve a special chapter for the study of this important collection.

To begin with I must own that, for some years past, M. James Tissot's portraits and pictures had annoyed me by the dryness and conventionality of his treatment. I failed to find in them, as of old, the powerful talent of a thinker, and the elaborate splendor of an enamel painter. Had he exhausted the vividness of his palette in his cloisonné work? Had he lost the roundness, the juicy warmth that characterized some of his points, now not to be had for money? The work he here shows us is an answer, and I am ready to admire. M. James Tissot has, in our sceptical age, created a work of faith, for it is impossible that he should have achieved such an effort for the

mere pleasure of a dilettante. He has been to the Holy Land and has brought back an impression for which he was prepared, as we see by one of his plates, "The Medianimic Vision." The artist has undergone a "change of soul," and we have nothing but praise for the outcome. It would seem, as we analyze the two hundred and fity scenes in which he reproduces the life of Jesus Christ, that M. James Tissot has a close community of ideas with Father Didon.

"The advocates of what is now known as the critical school," writes the eloquent orator, "will say: 'The Christ of dogma and tradition, the Christ of the Apostles and of the Gospels, as interpreted by the Church, is not and cannot be the Christ of history. That ideal Christ, God and Man, the incarnate Word, conceived by an unexampled miracle, calling Himself the only Son of God in the metaphysical and absolute sense, multiplying miracles, speaking as the fourth gospel makes Him speak, rising again three days after His death, ascending into Heaven after fifty days before the eyes of His disciples, is not a real man. He exists only in the pious imagination of believers who have simply invented Him.

"'The true Jesus, the Jesus of history, was born as other men are and lived as they lived, he wrought no more miracles than another; he taught a purer morality, and founded a religion less imperfect than other religions, and as reformers generally perish under the obduracy of their surroundings, he too was the victim of Jewish tenacity; he died like other men, he neither rose again nor lives as God.'

"I am nauseated—forgive the word—not alone as a believing Christian, but as an impartial human soul, by this antagonism of dogma and history, set up as a first principle and put forward as initiatory to any Life of Jesus God and Man. Firmly convinced that He was the invisible God, incarnate in a man like ourselves, as a historian I study Him living in His twofold nature."

"An invisible God, in a man like ourselves," this is what M. James Tissot aims at showing us, and his work is transfused with the two-

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fold feeling of a symbol and of a human being. But to insure a more truthful revival of this Christ he went to draw every episode in the scene proper to it, and to bathe his mind in the atmosphere, the surroundings, and the light of the Holy Land; like Father Didon, he rebelled against scientific logic as opposed to dogma; and, like him, he might exclaim, as he reproduces the characteristic features of the spots he visited:

"Those who have disputed the reality of the story of Jesus have certainly never been to Palestine; if they had studied the country, gospel in hand, they would understand that the Gospel cannot be invented."

"No life history shows a closer harmony than that of Christ, with the land where it was laid. How perfect a setting for the figure of Jesus, living thirty years unknown, is Galilee with its town of Nazareth, its lake of Tiberias, its Mount Tabor! A setting for the Apostle, the teacher of the people, declaring the Gospel of the Kingdom, speaking to the crowd in parables, withdrawing to the desert, and revealing His eternal glory to His disciples alone on a mountain. How well the stern and barren land of Judæa, with its rocky heights, and the city of Jerusalem, with the vale of Hedron gloomy among tombs, harmonize with the rejected Prophet condemned to die ignominiously on the Cross.

"I feel as though the mere contact with Palestine, with its ruins, with the sacred memories of which the land is full, had filled me with the deepest sense of the Gospel facts, of their truth, reality, and beauty. Those facts are inseparable from the land. That land may become yet sadder, more desolate, more dead; but its light, its valleys, its undulating hills, its roads which Jesus trod, and which endless succeeding generations have trodden and will tread after him, are still the scene of that story.

All M. James Tissot's work shows, in fact, the reflection of the places he visited. The figures and the objects have a tone which can neither be invented nor imagined. These things he saw, and, what

is better, understood. In his vast plan M. James Tissot left nothing to chance; and if in some of these compositions he evokes scenes from the remoteness of ages, he has relied for the details on genuine documents, with a process of deduction which amounts to probable truth, well established and realized: and under his brush history assumes the guise of perennial humanity.

Could it indeed be otherwise, since he followed the Gospels step by step? It is by studying them, even more than in the life of Palestine, that he has found the deep feeling and emotion which animate his work. They are the documents in which faith has been most directly revealed to him.

"These documents, says Father Didon again, "preserve an eternal youth and freshness. They are like the Christ of whom they testify. He was yesterday, He is to-day, He will be to-morrow. The Heavens and Earth will pass away; He and His word, never. All who suffer may read the Gospel and there find consolation: those who love may meditate on it, they will learn the meaning of sacrifice; those who desire goodness may search it, they will find in it the secret of all virtue. There the despairing will find salvation: and all who can think, if they examine it with an honest and simple heart, will be overcome by the divine wisdom which tells us of the mystery of God, while showing us the misery of man and the means of alleviating it. What other knowledge is worth living for?"

And we cannot but be stirred as we look at the interpretation of the Gospel set before us by M. James Tissot; he is mystical and tender in Christ's childhood: terrible in the scenes of His Passion, and the furies he sets before us send a shudder through our very marrow. Follow this road to Calvary step by step; pause before this resigned man, his bleeding face furrowed by the tearing thorns or the lash of the scourge. It is fearful and sublime: at once the fierce outcry of rebellious humanity and a divine invitation to prayer; we feel the broad breath of epic sentiment.

and we are then reminded of the lines which Victor Hugo, in *La Fin de Satan*, places in the mouth of Barabbas:

"— Peuple, affreux peuple sanglant,
Qu'as-tu fait? O Caïn, Dathan, Nemrod, vous autres,
Quel est ce crime-ci qui passe tous les nôtres?
Voilà donc ce qu'on fait des justes ici-bas!
Populace! à ses pieds jadis tu te courbas,
Tu courais l'adorer sur les places publiques,
Tu voyais sur son dos deux ailes angéliques,
Il était ton pasteur, ton guide, ton soutien,
Dès qu'un homme paraît pour te faire du bien,
Peuple, et pour t'apporter quelque divin message,
Pour te faire meilleur, plus fort, plus doux, plus sage,
Pour t'ouvrir le ciel sombre, espérance des morts,
Tu le suis d'abord, puis, tout à coup tu le mords,
Tu le railles, le hais, l'insultes, le dénigres!
O troupeau de moutons d'où sort un tas de tigres!
Quel prix pour tant de saints et sublimes combats!
Celui-ci, c'est Jésus; ceci, c'est Barrabas!"

Here I must pause: I know not what success this work may achieve when completed; the word success almost shocks me in such a connection; but it seems to me that everyone must applaud the artist who has accomplished so grand an effort of art, and that any reverse is an injustice, when speaking of a conception so multiform and so vast, and having its source in such lofty purpose and disinterested feeling.

SCULPTURE

As I turn to go into the *parterre* reserved for Sculpture, glancing round at the works exhibited there, I am prompted to lay down some principles on which I propose to criticise the art and the artist: and I am guided to this end by a passage of clear and strong argument from the pen of a young philosopher, M. Ricardon.

"If it is true," he says, "that the æsthetic ideal consists in the

highest expression of the soul, we are justified, as it seems to me, in thinking that art is beautiful in proportion as it renders the very essence of our self, and that this rendering is immortal in proportion to what we find in it of man, himself immortal. Fashion and 'the rage' express the relation of man to a transient state of things: they too pass away, but the human soul remains. Like that soul, and by that soul, all that expresses it, and it alone, is imperishable, however diverse its creations, whether a picture by Raphael, a tragedy by Corneille, a symphony by Beethoven. This gives us a principle of criticism by which we can reconcile all that is worthy in narrow dogmatism on one hand and disturbing scepticism on the other, steering equally wide of both; and explain how it is that art is at the same time widely human and individual, unchanging and various."

Taine, again, in his *Philosophie de l'Art,* says: "The aim of a work of art is to set forth some essential or prominent concept more fully and clearly than a real object can. To this end the artist forms an idea of this concept and transfigures the real object in accordance with his idea, or, in other words, the ideal."

Finally, in a very curious letter to M. Emile Zola, M. Alexandre Dumas *fils* writes as follows:

"Sculpture has not color, painting has not relief, and both are but rarely of the same dimensions as the nature they represent. The more you give a statue the hues of life the more resemblance it will assume to death, because, in the fixed attitude to which rigid matter condemns it, it must always lack the movement, which is a much truer sign of life than color or form. If art were no more than an imitation of nature it would always be inferior to it, since it can never rise to its fullness, breadth, or fertility, to its effect as a whole, or its variety of mould; thus, evidently inferior, it would have no use: whereas, though it can never come up to nature viewed as a whole, it may be its equal, nay, is superior when it selects some of its numberless aspects. . . . Whether with the modeling tool, the pen or the brush, the artist is really worthy of the name only when he gives a soul to

A MAN IN MOURNING

matter, and substance to the emanations of the soul, when he sees and realizes the ideal he serves."

Hence what we look for in sculpture, however realistic the character it may assume, is a character of intense ideality; and I am glad to acknowledge that this character is to be found in many works by the sculptors of the National Society.

M. Barnard affords an instance with his marble group, "I feel two men in me," somewhat vaguely symbolical in meaning, but splendidly spirited in execution. M. Bartholomé has embodied a perfect hymn in the attitude and face of his "Young Girl Praying." A grand composition dedicated by this artist to a beloved memory cannot be forgotten; his inspiration still soars to the same lofty height where the ideal hovers.

M. Emile Bourdelle, one of the most gifted of the young school, has achieved a fine psychological study in the monumental bust executed in honor of Léon Cladel. He set himself the task of resuscitating this sylvan swain of the nineteenth century, with his rugged face, his figure unadaptable to the costume and conditions of modern life, his eager love and simple worship of nature: and by an invention, bold indeed, but worthy of all praise, he sets Cladel before us as a sort of terminal god, at whose feet eclogues might live and dreams be true. In another work, a bas-relief, we

have a reminiscence of his "Dying Love"; "Aurora Weeping" is the outcome of the same melancholy vein, as sweet and tender as a poem by Pouvillon. And in another bas-relief he has collected a series of heads of attractive types, a sort of improvised physiognomies, in which he embodies a thought or a sentiment, or records a passion. Emile Bourdelle is a master of to-morrow; with a soul tossed by every emotion he has devotion to art and all its tenderness; in him we find none of the concessions which hamper free treatment: he is a vigorous artist, whose eyes fill with tears before a Donatello, and who admires with filial tenderness the great carvers in stone of the Middle Ages. He insists on life in all he does, and has ideas to give this life interest.

M. Charpentier restricts himself this year to a series of bronze medallions, where his talent has disported itself in work of easy accomplishment: still, anyone who pauses to look at these profiles so lightly thrown off, will see in them a very conscientious application of art. M. Charpentier is indeed a very gifted artist, and it would be a serious oversight not to mention, with these medallions, some little plaques and small objects in metal chiseled by him with exquisite finish.

M. Cordier holds the place he has so laboriously won in the first rank, by his amazingly truthful models of animals. His yokes of oxen, his bulls, his horses would satisfy and delight the strictest specialist. M. Dalou has not soared beyond a modest piece of decorative art in a model for the façade of a commercial house: "Progress urging forward Commerce and Industry;" this great sculptor had taught us to look for higher flights of inspiration.

M. Jean Dampt, besides an admirable group in marble of the heads of a young woman and a child, has sent a perfect masterpiece, "The Fairy Melusina and the Knight Raymondin;" it is a singularly happy example of chryselephantine work, and we need not wonder at it from the hands of an artist who decidedly leads the van of our modern school.

TWILIGHT

M. Desbois is represented only by a plaster statue of "Misery," a piece of intense realism, full of truth, and worthy of his great talent; nor must I omit to mention the "Bigoudine at a Pardon," a very clever bas-relief in bronze by M. Eriksson; "Sadness," a poignant expression fixed in marble, by M. Escoula; a "Judith," fairly fine in line by M. Granet; "Astronomy," somewhat complicated in conception, by M. Hansen-Jacobsen, till I come to M. J. Injalbert, a true master, before whose works we pause thankfully. Since his first appearance, the number of marvels produced by this artist is incredible; without clamor, or vain advertisement, he has gone straight forward, in his brain an ideal, and in his hand a modeling tool which never admits impossibility. Under his touch, which human feeling unfailingly guides like a good fairy, giant works arise or pieces choice as gems. Groups, statues, bas-reliefs, busts—he has produced them all, and all faultless. Works by him will be known hereafter as worthy of the great periods of the history of sculpture: "A Titan," the "Child with Doves," "Hippomena," "A Draped Woman," "Leonora Galigai," "The Tiber," "A Dried-up Spring," "Charity," "Adam and Eve," "Princesse Clémence," and fifty more no less powerful and distinguished in treatment. Last year he wrought a delightful revival of antique art in a frieze of *terra cotta*: this year the harvest is still a rich one, a bas-relief in plaster, with a delightful feeling for decorative art; there a very original design for a projected monument to Molière; finally, some busts in *terra cotta* and in bronze full of wonderful insight into character. An admirable man is this, whose immovable honesty as an artist and high inspiration never fail him.

M. Le Duc has made a praiseworthy effort in his equestrian statue of the "Connétable de Richmond;" M. Meunier is interesting, as usual, in his little bronze statuette of a "Puddler:" M. Michel-Malherbe is no less so in his "Ariadne," a small bronze very gracefully conceived: M. de Niederhausern-Rodo does not lack originality in his bas-relief of "Ophelia," and in his marble bust, which he

chooses to call "A Sketch in A Minor." I should, however, like to see a greater simplicity of treatment: the idea would gain lucidity, without losing any of its subtlety, or, in some cases, of its symbolism.

M. René de Saint-Marceaux, besides a very elegant bust of "Madame X," has sent a nude figure called "Fallen:" Eve, no doubt, rolling her tender flesh on the stones to bruise it, in an abyss of regret and despair. In this work the marble has lent itself to very lovely modeling. Mr. Swan exhibits a "Lioness Drinking," in bronze, *à cire perdue*, learned in anatomy and powerfully executed.

Finally, to conclude my notes on sculpture, I would mention "Eve Embracing her Dying Son," a dramatic group, by M. Tegner; "Bigoudines," by M. Vallgren; "André Chénier," by M. Vernhes: some small plaques, by M. Vernier, and the medallions of Mr. Wheatley. I was forgetting the fine chimney-front on which Baffier has represented field-life—a whole poem of sturdy design in honor of the peasantry and the soil.

And since I have to go to the first floor for Baffier's chimney-piece, I feel compelled to mention some of the beautiful things exhibited by the National Fine Art Society on the landings of the great staircase; for, though they are catalogued under the head of "Artistic Objects," they are nevertheless closely akin to sculpture.

Carabin, for instance, exhibits a box with a secret spring, which is wonderfully pretty. He has perhaps rather overcrowded with ideas the figures which support the casket and which decorate the panels; but in our days is it wise to complain of too many ideas, when artists so generally have too few? Carabin has symbolized Secrecy, Idleness, Writing, and Death; the Past, the Present, and the Future; and then, again, Culture, Medicine, Renewal, Discretion, and Modesty, and, finally, Animal Evolution.

One thing is certain, apart from the superficial complexity in the choice of the ornamentation, Carabin has revived the art of furniture work, without, however, founding a school as yet. The figures are

WATERING THE FLOCK

modeled with a delicacy and suppleness, and a care for accentuated expression which make them quite unique. But he handles wood rather too much as a sculptor, with excess of finish. For my part, I do not quarrel with him for that: he has more than the artistic temperament—a spark of the glorious fire which lights up a name for all time. When we remember the beautiful things he has already produced, works of perfect loveliness, which he has for years past sent to the exhibitions, we are forced to declare that he is the equal of the greatest artists, and that his perseverance deserves unrestricted praise.

I have before mentioned M. Charpentier as a devotee of pewter work. The things he produces in this material, which is admirably decorative, are extremely interesting, and we can but compliment those sculptors who, like him, do not feel that they are losing caste by diverting from greater works a quarter of an hour now and then for the designing of trifles. The toy—the *bibelot*—when it is the outcome of genuine inspiration and carried out in a genuinely plastic material, is a worthy connection of high Art. This is the case with those exhibited by M. Charpentier. His taper-stand, his "Woman Bathing," a plaque in very slight relief, his "Girl with a Flower," executed in bronze, to be used for the very artistic stamping of paper, with several other exhibits, show him as a decorator of the first rank, ingenious, faultless in taste, and with far-reaching talent, able to make and mark an epoch.

Joseph Chéret, the unfortunate artist, so lately dead, was one of these elect, and his reliefs on vases, in which he resuscitated the eclogues of antiquity, were particularly dainty in style; he has left us young—too young; and in this article, which deals only with the living, I feel moved to salute his memory, which is worthy to live.

To conclude, I still have to mention the knocker, designed by M. Vallgren, and his little vase, and his delightful bronze statuette; M. Paul Brateau's gold brooch and his cup of "Intoxications." He seems to me to be, at the present moment, the only man able to

set a stamp of originality on the jeweler's art, which a perverse habit of constant refashioning has brought into rapid decay.

Of the potter's work, which is likewise familiar with sculpture, I may name the masterpieces of Chaplet, a great and superb artist, who brings us, year by year, the always acceptable fruit of his discoveries; white enamel has no longer any secrets for him; Dalpeyrat and Lesbros, whose flashed stoneware and monumental chimney-front have deservedly attracted the attention and preference of the Council of Fine Arts; and, lastly, Lachenal, by whom a "Cock," with a strut of triumph, is finely modeled and very nearly perfect in execution.

L. ROGER-MILÈS.

LIST OF AWARDS

PAINTING

Second Medals.

MM. A.-G. Démarest, A.-F. Gorguet, L. Galliac, G.-O. Desvallières, R. Allègre, A. Jourdeuil, G. Surand, O.-D.-V. Guillonet, F. Le Quesne, H. Foreau, J. Saint-Germier, H. Royer, P. Grolleron, A. Guéry, J. Rouffet, H.-A.-L. Laurent-Desrousseaux.

Third Medals.

MM. R.-L. Chrétien, E. Trigoulet, A. Denovan, J.-H.-F. Bacon, R.-M. Fath, H.-E. Vollet, F. Lauth, A.-H. Tanoux, E.-B. Hirschfeld, G. Bussière, F. de Montholon, Carlos-Lefebvre, Mme G. Debillemont, MM. P. Langlois, J.-O. Triquet, R.-G.-M. de Pibrac, J.-A. Faivre, E.-G. Bergès, E.-P. Fox, J. Veber, G.-J. Moteley, A. Le Dru, H. Charrier, Mlle A. Odérieu, MM. R. Barber, F.-G. Berne-Bellecour, Mme M.-A. Lucas-Robiquet.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. W.-M. Palin, P.-A. Marsac, J. de Thorma, J.-L. Brémond, Mlle E. Darbour, MM. J. Bulfield, L.-A. Cabié, N.-M. Lund, G. Rose, A.-M. Mucha, C. Thériat, J. Rosen, Mlle G. Achille-Fould, MM. G.-A. Bourgogne, J. Brett, E. Maxence, E. Penon, L. Hornecker, E. Coleman, N. Gillet, P. Place-Canton, G. Serrier, E.-L. Chayllery, H.-J.-G. Chartier, I. Brass, A.-V. Duyver, L.-A. Willette, A. Moreau-Néret, S.-M. Laurence, H.-L. Jacquet, L.-R. Sabattier, T. Synave, F. Strobentz, T.-H. Mayan, Mme V. Dubourg, M. R. Avigdor, Mme L.-A. Du Mond, MM. M. Moisset, G.-T. Lhuer, H. Grosjean, C.-A. Bertier, E. Motte, E.-E. Fauconnier, M. Bouvet, A. Buffet, A. Bussy.

SCULPTURE

First Medals.

MM. J.-A. Pézieux, E. Hannaux, E.-H. Dubois, F.-A.-H. Peyrol. *Engraving medals :* MM. L.-A. Bottée, H.-A.-J. Patey, G.-H. Lemaire.

Second Medals.

MM. A. Seysses, F. Sicard, E. Lormier, L. Clausade, L. Convers, R. Rozet. *Engraving medals :* M. E.-L. Mouchon.

Third Medals.

M. A.-E. Miserey, Mme F. Ducrot, MM. L.-A. Riviere-Théodore, A. Ledru, R. Guimberteau, A. Maillard, L. Laporte, Blairsy, J. Loysel, C.-J.-.B Weitmen, F.-H. Coutheillas.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. R.-C. Peyre, A. Gaubert, C.-L. Picaud, G. Wallet, J.-V.-J.-A. Ségoffin, W. Kumm, H. Barberi, J.-G. Sentis de Villemur, A.-B. Pigalio, Mmes E. Bloch, C.-M. Bénédicks-Bruce, MM. E. Porcher, L.-J.-B.-A. Blanchot, J. Bourgeot, L.-A. Carvin, H. Thiébaut, F. Lambert, P. Auban, J.-M. Delpech, C. Wollek, E. Guillaume, Mme Bartin-Audiffred, MM. E. Gaucher, H.-F. Varenne, Debienne, A. de Manneville, A. Finet, A.-G.-D. Octobre, E. de Gaspary, E. Deboulet, Mme L. Coutan, MM. V. Tournier, L.-G. Veber. *Engraving medals :* A.-L.-E. Davin.

ARCHITECTURE

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. G.-P. Chedanne.

First Medals.

MM. M. Doumic, H. Déverin.

Second Medals.

MM. F.-H.-A. Michelin, A. Tournaire, E.-P.-L. Vinson, E. Jay.

Third Medals.

MM. E. Dupont, L. Masson-Détourbet, E. Pontremoli, L.-C.-J. Meissonier, L.-C.-H. Pille, A.-E. Maistrasse.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. G. Belesta, F.-E. Bertrand, T. Bourgeois, W. Cargill, E. Cavaillé-Coll, E.-J. Chaise, G.-A. Morin-Goustiaux, E. Delestre, E. Richard, R. Dupard, A.-A. Grellet, A. Guilbert, H.-C.-B. Guillaume, J.-L.-E. Lepage, J.-P. Lequeux, L. Majoux, P.-A.-J. Lesueur, J.-E.-E. Laillet, M. Pérouse de Montclos, B.-J. Pellissier, L.-J. Périn, A.-H. Recoura, M.-C. Rochefrette, R.-P. Rozier, L. Sortais, D.-M. Toudoire, J.-E. Valentin.

ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. G. Lévy.

First Medals.

MM. E.-J. Sulpis *(line engraving)*; P.-E. Guillon *(lithography)*.

Second Medals.

MM. J. Huyot *(wood engraving)*; W. Barbotin *(line engraving)*; L.-E. Pirodon, A.-L. Hermant *(lithography)*; V.-L. Focillon, C. Giroux *(etching)*.

Third Medals.

MM. L.-M. Gautier *(etching)*, D.-C. Montet *(wood engraving)*; L.-A. Willette, J.-G. Dubois-Menant *(lithography)*; G.-A. Manchon *(etching)*; E. Deloche *(wood engraving)*.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. L. Salles, C. Soderlund, E.-V. Mercadié, L.-H. Delteil *(etching)*; F. Reynaud; A.-H. Piat, A. Faule, F. Steinmann, L. Rouxel, Mlle L. Bories *(wood engraving)*; MM. J.-B. Paret, C.-L. Germain *(line engraving)*; A. Lachnitt *(lithography)*; H. Meyer, H.-A. Gousset, J.-J.-A. Deturck *(line engraving)*; L. Alleaume, A. Han, A.-D. Gicqueau, R.-J. Wickenden *(lithography)*.

LIST OF WORKS OF ART

PURCHASED BY THE STATE

PAINTING

MM.	Agache (A.-P.)	*An Old Conqueror.*
	Arus (R.)	*After the Fight.*
	Baertsoen (A.)	*Old Flemish Canal.*
	Bergeret (P.-D.)	*"Now then!"*
	Boudot (L.)	*The Golden Season.*
	Bouvet (M.)	*Moonrise.*
	Buffet (P.)	*The Pass of la Hache.*
	Bussy (A.)	*A Clarionet Player.*
	Cabrit (J.)	*Damp Woods.*
	Carl-Rosa (M.)	*November; Banks of the Seine.*
	Cazin (J.-Ch.)	*Garennes.*
	Cormon (F.)	*A Smithy.*
	Cornélius (Mme M.-L.)	*Woodcock.*
	Costeau (G.)	*Last Glimmers.*
	Crochepierre (A.-A.)	*At Home.*
	Dauphin (E.)	*The Russian Fleet at Toulon; Visit of the President of the Republic.*
	Debat-Ponsan	*The Crown of Toulouse.*
	Demarest (A.-G.)	*A Vow.*
	Destrem (C.)	*The Promised Land.*
	Duez (E.-A.)	*The Bathing Hour.*
	Eliot (Maurice)	*The Water-Song.*
	Fath (R.-M.)	*A Path in the Woods.*
	Féliu (M.)	*A Study.*
	Ferry (Jules)	*Autumn Evening.*
	Firmin-Girard (M.-F.)	*Sunset.*
	Flandrin (P.-H.)	*Fra Angelico.*
	Fournier (L.-E.)	*Worthies of Lyons.*
	Galliac (L.)	*A Proof Etching.*
	Garaud (J.-C.)	*The Pond.*
	Gay (Walter)	*Las Cigarreras.*
	Gervex (H.)	*The Bath.*
	Gilbert (V.-G.)	*The Jeweler.*
	Girardot (L.-A.)	*Rest.*
	Gœneutte (N.)	*Twilight; the Return from the Fields.*
	Grimelund (J.)	*Autumn Evening, Grundsund.*
	Guéry (A.)	*Winter Evening, Bertricourt.*
	Guignard (G.)	*Watering the Flock.*
	Jobert (Paul)	*Arrival of the Russian Fleet at Toulon.*
	Jourdeuil	*Sunrise; Lake of Aiguebelette.*
	Leroux (Mlle Laura)	*Anne and Jehanne.*
	Lorimer (J.-H.)	*Benedicite.*
	Lund (N.-M.)	*Scottish Landscape.*
	Noirot (E.)	*Toulon Roads.*
	Palin (W.-M.)	*Orphans.*
	Perret (Marius)	*Senegalese Sharpshooters.*
	Picard (E.)	*Sweet Expectation.*
	Point (A.)	*A Dream of Purity.*
	Quinton (C.)	*Auvergne: View from the Southern slope of Montpeyroux.*
	Richemont (de)	*Monks waited on by Angels.*
	Rochegrosse (G.)	*The Knight of Flowers.*
	Sauvage (H.)	*Abandoned Cloisters.*
	Souillet (G.-Ch.)	*Sand Diggers on the Loire.*
	Tattegrain	*Bait Catchers in the Bay of Authie.*
	Zakarian	*Water-Melons.*

WATER-COLORS

Mlle Mercier (Ruth) . . . . . *The Old Canal, Venice.*
MM. Osterlind (Allan). . . . . *Darning.*

SCULPTURE

MM. Allouard (H.-E.). . . . . *Far from the World*, marble statue.
Aubé (J.-P.) . . . . . *J.-B. Colbert*, plaster model.
Barrias (E.-L.). . . . . *Edmond Hébert, geologist*, marble bust.
Barrias (E.-L.) . . . . . *Nubians*, bronze high-relief.
Bartholomé (A.) . . . . . *Weeping Girl*, bronze.
Chatrousse (Emile). . . . . *Cuvillier-Fleury*, marble bust.
Cros (Henry). . . . . *The History of Water*, fountain.
Delorme (J.-A.). . . . . *Commerce*, marble statue.
Doublemard (D.-A.) . . . . *Octave Feuillet*, marble bust
Dubois (E.-H.) . . . . . *Forgiveness*, plaster group.
Hannaux (E.). . . . . *Orpheus*, marble statue.
Labatut (J.-J.) . . . . . *Raymond VI, comte de Toulouse*, plaster group.
Lefeuvre (Albert) . . . . . *A Sylvan Muse*, marble statue.
Lombard (H.). . . . . *Hunting Nymph*, stone group.
Marioton (E.) . . . . . *Zephyr*, bronze statue.
Marqueste (L.-H.) . . . . . *The Grasshopper*, marble statue.
Massoulle . . . . . *Madame de Sévigné*, marble statue.
Michel (G.). . . . . *Thought*, plaster figure.
Miserey (A.-E.) . . . . . *La Tour d'Auvergne*, marble bust.
Paris (A.) . . . . . *La République française*, bronze group.
Pezieux (J.-A.) . . . . . *Entrancing Echo*, marble statue.
Puech (D.) . . . . . *The Seine*, marble bas-relief.
Rivière-Théodore (L.-A.). . "*Ultimum feriens*," bronze and marble.
Seysses (A.) . . . . . "*Pro Libertate*," marble statue.
Steiner (L.-C.). . . . . *Berryer*, plaster statue.
Thiébaut (H.) . . . . . *The Sea*, bronze vase.
Thomas (G.-J.) . . . . . *Man and Serpent*, bronze group.

MEDAL ENGRAVING AND ENGRAVING ON GEMS

MM. Dubois (Alphée) . . . . . *Prize Medals for Provincial Conservatoires*, plaster model.
Dubois (Henri) . . . . . *Three Medals*, plaster model.
Francois (H.-L.) . . . . . *République française*, bas-relief on gem.
Lancelot-Croce (Mme) . . . *Woman's Destiny*, silvered bronze bas-relief.

WORKS OF ART

MM. Larche (R.-F.) . . . . . *The Sea*, pewter epergne.
Dalpayrat et Lesbros . . . *Chimney-piece*, flashed stoneware.

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